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K GEOGRAPHICAL,
Historical Description
OF THE
SHIRE
OF
TWEEDDALE.

WITH
A Miscelany and Curious Collection of Select
Scottish Poems.

By A. P. M. D.

*Carmina del cælo possunt deducere Lunam,
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssis,
Frigidis in pratis cantando rumpitur Anguis.*

Edinburgh, Printed by John Moncur. M. DCC. XV.



To the Right Honourable,

WILLIAM

Earl of MARCH, Viscount of PEE-
BLES, Lord NEIDPATH
and MANNER, &c.

My Noble LORD,



HAVE not made choice of for my Theam
in the ensueing Sheets, any of the greater
or more Flourishing parts of the King-
dom, but in gratitude to Tweeddale,
which has the Honour of your Lordships
Birth, and where I have had Resi-
dence and some Interest for 30 Years and above. My
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Employment as Physician, obliged me to know and observe every Corner thereof: So what I advance, in this Description, (which in Duty I humbly Dedicate to your Lordship) proceeds not from Hear-say and second hand, but from Ocular Inspection, and proper Knowledge: Having made so frequent Surveys, through all the Hills, and Valleys of that Country, both on Horse and Foot, and made a Nice Scrutiny into all things I found Remarkable, especially as to Plants, several whereof, are Naturally produced here, which I have not observed in my Herbalizing through other Shires of the Kingdom. And tho' this Shire, My LORD, comes short of many others, both in regard of Extent, Fertility, Wealth and Number of People; yet without Vanity, it may be averred that a Brave and Worthy Nobles, a Loyal and Frugal Gentry, an Honest, and Industrious Yeomanry possess it. Upon which Considerations, it may compete with any other Shire in the Kingdom. My LORD, the early Flourishes of Vertue, and good Nature which every one observe so fairly Budding in your Greener Years, to our great Satisfaction: Prognosticat that you will prove not only a kind Patron of this Shire, where you have so great a Power and Interest, but of your Native Kingdom too, which at this time is in a most Languishing Condition.

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My LORD, You have the Honour of being descended of the two most Illustrious Families, Douglass and Hays, who are so much Celebrated, that no other Age or Country in the World, could equalize, not Rome Her self, who bragged so much of her Scipio's, Fabii, Decii, &c. And what is said or written in the Legends of Romantick Heroes was alwise real in them.

I shall not, My LORD, consume your time in recapitulating what you know of the Stupendious, and Military performances of your Illustrious Ancestours, not only at Home, but in all the Countrys of Europe, which their severall Histories, as well as our own have Recorded. Nor shall I detain your Lordship, to inform you, how the Valiant Hay stood in the Gap, and stopt the Fury of the Cruel and Conquering Dane; and gave Life to his Country when at the last Gasp, and the Falcons Flight gives that House immortal Bayes, and the Bloody Yoak can never be forgot. The Motto Renovate Animos, is a Presage, there will never be some Hero wanting in that Family, to inspire their Dejected Country-men, with Life, and Resolution.

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My L O R D, *A part of the following Description I Communicated to his Grace, the Wise and Illustrious Duke of Queensberry, your Lordships Grand-Father, a little before his Death; as also, to your Lordships Worthy Father, who with no small Applause, were pleased to recomend it with their Imprimatur.*

An other Encouragement, My L O R D, which induced me to Publish, the following Treatise, was, I found my Name mentioned in a Book some Years ago, written by that worthy and Learned Prelate Dr. Nicolson, now Bishop of Carlisle, where he is pleased to give me a Distinguishing Character as to the Description of Tweeddale.

*And now, My L O R D, I have done my best in Answering his Expectation in the following Essay, which I referr to your Lordships Censure and Judgement. Some other of the Shires of this Kingdom are already Described, so I am Confident what I have done this way, may at least encourage some more Judicious and Polite Pens, to be engag'd after the same fashon, in the Shires wherein they live: That when all the Shires in Scotland are particularly Surveyed, their several Maps
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may be drawn, to an exact and more distinct one of the whole Kingdom, than what as yet hath been Published.

To the following Treatise, My LORD, I have subjoined a few Pleasant and Select Poems, at the opportunity of several Ingenious Gentlemen, my Friends; which were never before Published, or at least with my Consent or Knowledge; and if any of them has been Printed, it's owing to Surreptitious and False Coppies. And I hope, My LORD, they may both Please and Divert you, in your Recels from more Serious Business.

Please therefore, My Noble LORD, to accept of this Trifle not as suitable to your Merit, but as the greatest Acknowledgment I can render at present of my unfeign'd Respects to so Noble a Patron. Nor have I, My LORD, in the following sheets affected altogether the English Idiom, I love not Pedantry, nor do I reckon that Dialect Preferable to our own, if it be not accounted so, in regard it is now turn'd Modish, being the general
Lan-

Language of the Court of Great-Britain, and the Rich-
er Kingdom of England. But least, My LORD, I
should trouble you with too Tedious a Dedication I
here finish it, and in all Sincerity Subscribe my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordships most

Faithful and

Obedient Servant.

ALEXR. PENNECUIK.

To

A
 DESCRIPTION
 OF THE
 SHIRE
 OF
 TWEEDDALE.

TWEEDDALE Comprehending the Sheriffdom of *Peebles*, is so called from the River *Tweed*, which hath it's Rise and Fountain in this Country, at a Place called *Tweed's Cross* near the Borders of *Annandale*, on the High-way about four Miles to the North of *Moffat*, from this Fountain springeth *Tweed*, and runneth

neth for the most Part with a Soft, yet Trotting Stream towards the North-east, the whole length of the Country to the March at *Gatehope-Burn*, and there leaving *Tweeddale*, beginneth to Water, the *Forrest* on both sides a little above *Elibank*. *Tweeddale* is bounded on the East, with the *Forrest* or Sheriffdom of *Selkirk*, on the South, with part of the *Forrest*, *St. Mary Loch*, and *Annandale*, on the West with the Overward of *Clidfsdale* in the Sheriffdom of *Lanrick*, and on the North with part of *Caldermuir*, the head of *Nor-esk* and *Midlothian*.

The Length of *Tweeddale* from a little to the North of the *Erickstone* to *Gatehope-Burn*, being from West to East, will be Twenty six *Scots* Miles, and where it is Broadest from North to South, not exceeding seventeen Miles.

It contained Eighteen Paroch Churches, now Rednced to seventeen, That of *Kailzia* being for some convenient Reasons joined unto *Traquair*, and other adjacent Paroches, is therefore Ruinous and extinct. Those now extant are *Lintoun*, *Newlands*, *Lyne*, *Edlestoun*, *Peebles*, *Innerleithen*, *Traquair*, *Manner*, *Danick*, *Stobo*, *Drumellier*, *Broughtoun*, *Glenholm*, *Tweed's-Muir*, *Kilbocho*, *Skirlin*, and *Kirkurd*.

These seventeen did make up the Presbitry of *Peebles*, which is within the Diocess of *Glasgow*, whereof the Parson of *Peebles* hath been for many Ages the Arch-Deacon; But now of late *Skirlin*, *Kilbocho*, *Glenholm* and *Broughtoun* are annexed to the Presbytry of *Biggar*. The Yearly Revenue of this *Parsonage* of *Peebles* as I was faithfully Informed, did amount to no less than six thousand Merks *Scots Money*, *communibus annis*. The Remaining sixteen Presbyters possess about one Thousand Merks *Scots* Yearly one with another, with *Manse* and *Gleib*, according to Act of Parliament, and Custom of the rest of the Country.

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There is but one Burgh Royal in *Tweeddale*, to wit, *Peebles* and two Burghs of Regality, viz. *Lintoun* and *Kilbocho*; of which more in their proper Places.

This Country is almost every where swelled with Hills, which are for the most part Green, Grassie and Pleasant, except a Ridge of bordering Mountains betwixt *Minch-Muir* and *Henderland*, being black, *Craigie*, of a *Melancoly* Aspect, with Deep and horrid Precipies, a wearisom and Comfortless piece of way for Travellers. The Valleys are not large, but generally pleasant to the view, Fertile of Corn and Meadow, and excellently well Watered. The Chief and most Conspicuous amongst the infinite Number of Hills and Mountains in this Country are *Hartfield*, *Broadlaw*, *Dollerlaw*, *Crammalt-Craige*, *Fiendsfel*, *Dundroich*, *Powbeat*, *Mendick*, *Cairnhil*, *Craingingar*, beside many others of less note

Tweeddale in regard of it's High and Steep Situation having little plain and Champaign, is more fit for Pasturage than the production of Corn and Grain, to answer the Toyls of the Husband Man; And is Stored with such Numbers of Sheep that in the *Lintoun* Mercats which are kept every Wednesday dureing the Monerhs of *June* and *July*, there have frequently been seen 9000 in the Customers Roll, and most of all these Sold and vented in one Day. The Sheep of this Country are but small, yet very sweet and Delicious, and live to a greater Age than else where, by Reason of the salubrity of the Air and wholesom dry Feeding, and are indeed the greatest Merchant Commodity that brings Money to the place with their Product of Lambs, Wool, Skins, Butter and Cheese. There are but few Pease, and less Wheat sown in *Tweeddale*, but of Barley, rough Bear especially, and Oats greater plenty than

is sufficient for the Inhabitants. The Lower and Fertile Places of this Country supplying the higher and Barren, such as *Tweeds-Muir*, with Corns for their Sustenance. And as much more Exported to *Lothian* and other Adjacent Shires as pays the *Martinmas* Rent to the Master, especially the Waters of *Lyne*, *Edlestoun*, *Manner* and *Tweed*, from the *Biold* downward. Lint prospers very well in this Country, Hemp and Rye too, but little of the two last they put to the Tryal.

Their greatest want here is of Timber, little Planting to be seen in *Tweeddale*, except it be some few Bushes of Trees about the Houses of the Gentry, and not one Wood with the Naming in all this open and windie Country: So that this unhappy want of Foresight in their Forefathers necessitates them to be obliged to the Sheriffdom of *Lanrick* for most part of the Timber necessary for their Houses and Husbandry. Yet of late their begins to appear amongst the Young Nobility and Gentry of this place, a general Genius for Planting, which in a few Years will turn to the Ornament, as well as Advantage of this Cold and Naked Country, where all sorts of Forrest Trees will prosper well enough upon due Pains and Care, as it is Credible this has been a Woody Country of old, whereof there remain to this Day many probable appearances. In all other Necessaries for the Life of Man, the People here can subsist, as well by themselves as any other Shire round about them, and it is certainly as well payed Rent as any in the Kingdom, the Mails for the most part being received in Money. For Fewel they use for the most part Peet and Turf which is easily believed to be here in Abundance. There is likewise Coal at *Carlops* and the Common of *Lintoun*, wherewith the Neighbour Gentry and the Town of *Peebles* are

are served, and of Limestone no small quantity, especially towards the Northern-borders of the Shire, at *Carlups*, *Whitefield*, *Coltcoat*, *Grange* and *Spittlehaugh*, which places with the Neighbourhood about are very much improv'd of late to the Benefit of the Ground, in reducing many of these Black and Barren Heaths to Fertility and a fairer Complexion. Here is to be found Marle and Kyle Stone, Freestone and Whinstone, Slait and Skailly, as good as the Kingdom affords; The best Quarries whereof are at *Stobo*, and *Griefstoun*. In *Lintoun* Paroch likewise there is Lead and Silver, Copper and Iron Stone, some appearance of white Marble near *Whitefield*: And at *Harlamuir* there is got an excellent white Sand, round and sharp which the Mowers of Hay take care to wash and beat small and carry many Miles, yea the length of *Annandale* to sharpen their Sythes in the Season. The Air of *Tweeddale* is pure and well persflat, which makes the Inhabitants lively and put off to a greater Age than else where, especially in the Parish of *Newlands* and *Edlestoun*: Few Criples or Crookbacks to be seen in this Country: But the Inhabitants for the most part, are strong Nimble and well proportioned; both Sexes promiscuously being conspicuous for as comely Features as any other Country in the Kingdom, would but the meaner sort take a little more pains to keep their Bodies and Dwellings Neat and Clean, which is too much neglected amongst them, and Pity it is to see a Clear Complexion and lovely Countenance appear with so much Disadvantage through the foul Disguise of Smoak and Dirt.

There will be of Old and Young People in this Country about 8000 Souls, and above 2000 of these fencible Men able to bear Armes. Their proportion of the Militia was 266 Foot, and 29 Horse. They are an Industrious, Careful

ful People, yet something Wilful, Stubborn and Tenacious of old Customes. There are amongst them, that will not suffer the Wrack to be taken of their Land, because (say they) it keeps the Corn warm, nor sow their Bear Seed, be the Season Wet or Dry, till the first Week of *May* be over, which they call *Runchie Week* ; nor Plant Trees or Hedges for wronging the Undergrowth, and Sheltering the Birds of the Air to destroy their Corn, neither will they Trench and Ditch a piece of Useless Boggie Ground, for fear of the loss of 5 or 6 foot of Grass, for a far greater Increase, which Humor with a Custom they have of overlaying the Ground, which they Term full Plenishing, makes their Cattle generally Lean, Little, and give a mean Price in a Market.

This Country produceth great quantitys of very good Hay, and the People begin now of late to be at some pains to make it well smell'd and coloured; whereas within these few Years many of them alledged, that musty Hay brought their Cows a Bulling: But these are but the Follies of a few, and throweth no Reproach upon this People in general, who are otherwise provident, Laborious, and beyond some of their Neighbours who possess a better Country, would they be at as much pains to Improve it.

Musick is so great a Stranger to their Temper, that you shall hardly light upon one amongst six, that can distinguish one Tune from another; yet those of them that chance to het upon the Vein, may match with the Skilfullest.

Thy are more sober in their Diet and Drinking than many of the Neighbouring Shires, and when they fall into the fit of Goodfellowship, they use it as a Cement and
Bond

Bond of Society, and not to foment, Revenge Quarrels and Murders, which is too ordinarily in other places.

And they are of so Loyal and Peaceable Dispositions, that they have seldom or never appear'd in Armes against their Lawful Sovereign, nor were there amongst that great Number 12 Persons from *Tweeddale* at the Infurrection of *Rulliongreen* or *Borthwell Bri'ge*. Of their Loyalty they gave sufficient Testimony at the Fight of *Philiphaugh*, where severals of them were kill'd by *David Leslie's* Army, and other the most eminent of their Gentry taken Prisoners.

The Diseases that generally Afflict the People of this Country, are chiefly the Scurvy, which is ordinarily complicated less or more with all their other Maladies; as also, Hypochondriack Melancholy, Rheumatisms, Colick, Gravel, and Nephritick Pains, Feavers, Fluxes of the Belly, and the Rickets in Children, which they call the Bowel-hyve. Consumptions of the Lungs are rare in *Tweeddale*, except in the Highlands thereof, where the Air is more sharp and piercing, occasioning the Cough and Defluctions, and often an incureable Ulcer, in that soft and tender Part.

The most remarkable Lakes or Lóches in this Country are the great *St. Mary-Loch* at *Henderland*, and joined to the Loch of *Lowes*, from which it is only parted by a little Isthmus of Land, through the middle of which a little Stream Runs from the latter to the former, and both make up a Loch of large six Miles in Circuit, surrounded with pleasant green Hills and Meadows; These Hills are overspread with Flocks of Sheep and Cattle, the Rockes with Herds of Goats, and the Valleys and Meadows with excellent Corn and Hay; Here does the Eagle nest, and haunt, but it is not the *Chrysaetos*, but that sort called the *Pygargus Hinnularius*,
turneri.

turneri or the *Ern*, which builds it's Nest in several other solitary and inaccessible places of *Tweeddale*, as at *Fiends-fell*, *Tallow-Linn*.

This pleasant Loch is fed and filled with several little Springs and Rivulets, but chiefly with the Waters of *Tarrow* and *Meggit*: The former having it's Spring from *Annan-dale*, runs through the Loch of the *Lowes* to *St. Mary Loch*, and from thence watereth the Woody Banks of the *Forrest*, and joineth Waters with it's Neighbour *Etrick*, a little above the Town of *Selkirk*, and both lose their Names and run into the River of *Tweed* near to *Sunderlandhaugh*.

The Water Loch of *Blackbarrony* is in compass near two Miles, and is famous for the great Number of Fishes, especially Eeles, that are taken there betwixt *Lambmas* and *Michaelmas*, and from this Loch descends the Fertile Water of *South-esk* which runs through *Midlothian*, and joins Water with *North-esk* at the foot of the noble Park of *Dalkeith*, and both run into the Sea at *Musselburgh*.

The principal Waters of *Tweeddale* are *Tweed*, *Lyne*, *Manner* and *Edlestoun*, of less note are *Quair*, *Holms*, *Leithin*, *Meggit*, *Frood*, *Tallow*, and *Biggar* Waters, besides an infinit Number of little Limpid Brooks, Burns and Springs that are seen sprinkling down the Green and Grassie Hills, with a Melancholy but agreeable Murmure. All these we shall trace from their first Fountain, so far as they run in this Country, with the Houses of the Gentry, and other Houses, Towns, and Hamlets, with the Remarkable Plants and other Natural Curiosities to be found about the several places. And because the Water of *Nor-esk* washeth a part of this Country, we shall begin with it.

North-esk hath it's rise, as is commonly thought at a place called the *Boarstone*, but rather being the furthest Course

Course, from the *Easter-Kairn Hill* and *Marcheth Tweeddale* and *Lothian* near by four Miles. Upon this Water stand first, an House called *Esk-head* near the Top of a black but Barren Mountain, with a Park and a sort of a little Garden, with a Stone and Lime Dike built within these few Years, by the Deceast Mr. *William Thomson* Writer to the Signet, a Wild and Remarkable Habitation, hard to come by, black and Barren in view of the Mansion of no other Mortal. A Mile and a half below this place is *Fairly-hop* an old Hunting house, belonging then to the ancient Family of *Braid*. On the top of the Hill at the back of this House, I found in great plenty the *Chamemorus*, and half a Mile under *Fairlyhop*, is the *Carlopbridge* upon the high *Bigger Road*, Marching *Lothian* and *Tweeddale*; Then *Carlops* it self, with a considerable Inn adjoining, belonging to *Archbald Burnet* eldest Son to the Deceast *Alexander Burnet*, and Grandchild to Mr. *Alexander Burnet* Advocat, whose Purchase it was from *Menzies of Weems*. Furder down this Water, betwixt and the *Newhal* on both Sides of the *Scroggie braes*, is to be seen the *Chamærubus*, the *Rubus*, *Idæus fructu rubro*, *digitalis flore albo*, *Pedicularis flore albo*, *Trachelium majus belgarum* & *Lonchitis minor*. Next down this Water, is the *Snabhouse* and the *Carlop-Coal* over against *Newhal*, and a little furder East, the Earl of *March* his Coal-houses: And last of all upon the *Tweeddale* side, within half a Mile of the *Lothian* March, is *Harlamuir*, upon the Woody Rocks whereof, grow the *Virga aurea*, and over against it, at the foot of *Mucksburn* on the *Lothian* side, I found the *Filicula montana florida perelegans seu adiantum album Floridum Raii*, which I shewed to Mr. *Sutherland* and Doctor *Prestoun*. I found it since upon a Wall of my Lord *Torphichans* House in *Mid-Calder*.

Half a Mile below the *Harlamuir* near *Achincoth* is the March betwixt *Lothian* and *Tweeddale*, and so *Nor-esk* leaving this Sheriffdom Water, *Midlothian* on both sides, till it join with *South esk*, and both empty themselves in the Sea at *Musselburgh*: And now we come to *Lyne*.

The Water of *Line* hath its first Spring near the *Cold-staine Slap* at the foot of *Easter-kairn hill*, and runneth large ten Miles through the Parishes of *Lintoun*, *Newlands*, and *Lyne*, watereth a part of *Stobo* Parish, and Emptyes it self into the River *Tweed* a little below the Bridge of *Lyne* upon this Water are 4 Bridges and two Coin Mills, of which afterwards, Upon it stand first, the Herds House called *Hareshaw*, and below that on the other side at the foot of a green Hill, The Old but now Ruinous House of *Kairnmuir* which is at present and has been for these several Generations possessed by a Family of the Name of *Lauson*. Over against it upon the west side of the Water, is another old House called *Barinsgal*, under it *Wakefield*, and over against it upon a green Hill on the east side of the Water is *Stainny-Paith* which belonged of old to the Name of *Douglass*, lately to *James Cleland* Barber Chirurgeon in *Edinburgh*, and now to Mr. *Walker* Minister of *Kirknurd*. Here grows *digitalis flore albo* amongst the Rocks below the House. furder down upon the high way upon the west side of the Water is a Stone Bridge, the Bridg-house and Bridge-house Mill; Here was an old and well frequented Inn upon the *Bigger* Road, belonging to the Name of *Purdie*, but anti-ently to the Name of *Douglass*, and is now turning Ruinous. Here was, the great Sheep Mercat holden, before the *Earl of Tiviot* removed it to *Linton*. A quarter of a Mile furder down from *Bridge-house*, is to be seen the
Town

Town and Church of *Lintoun*, Twelve Miles South-west from *Edinburgh*, upon the high way to *Moffat*, and *Carlisle* on the East side of the Water, in a large and Corny Plain, a little Village of about 60 Familys and upwards.

This Town in the Regent of *Mortoun's* Time, was a Pendicle of *Dalkeith*, but is now a Burgh of Regality, and was erected so by *John* Earl of *Traquair* then high Commissioner for *Scotland*. The Earl of *March* is now Lord of this Regality, and distributes Justice here, by his Sheriff Depute; and Baillie *Alexander Horseburgh* of that Ilk. There are several Portioners of this Town holding Feu of the Superior; The Eldest whereof were the *Douglasses*, *Twèedies* and *Giffards*, now quite Decayed in this place. The oldest Possessors now are the *Youngers* and *Alexanders*, who still retain their old Inheritance. Master *Daniel Gilchrist* is here present Minister.

About this Town grows much of the *Laurel Leafed Willow*, and to a greater hight than else where, and at the Mosse at the foot of the Craft grows the *Vaccinia palustria* and *Ros solis* plentifully. A little below *Lintoun* near half a Mile we meet with what is remarkable in a piece of Ground called the *Temple Land*, the Earth lying in a considerable Level above the Water; and as the Brae washeth away with the Force of the underrunning Floods, there are to be seen peeping out of that Brae the ends of many Coffins of Broad Flagstone Closs join'd togerher, where upon opening, I found the Scull, Leggs, Arms and Thigh Bones of People, but when and upon what Account these Bodies have been buried here after such a manner, none can positively determine, there being no appearance of any Church, Chappel or Church yeard nearer than *Lintoun*.

Amongst the Stones and Rubbish of this Water growes, the *Thlaspi Diascoridis*.

A little below this place the *West Water* and *Kairn-Burn*, the first from the West, the latter from the Nor East fall into *Lyne*. The *West-Water* in the old Charters called *Po-lintarff* Riseeth from the black Mountain, *Craigingar* runs South-east the matter of four Miles and an half. Upon this Burn stand the three *Slipperfields*, viz. The *Ewe-third*, *Midle-third*, and *Loch-third*. These belonged of old to *Pennecuik* of that Ilk, Now belong Heretably to Mr. *William Russel* present Minister of *Stobo*, as eldest Son to the Deceast *James Russel* of *Kingsseat*. The other *Sliperfield* called the *Loch third*, is the Heritage of *Robert Graham*, descended from the ancient *Grahams* of *Westhal*. Below the *Sliperfields* upon the high *Biggar Road*, stand the Houses called the *West-Water* and *Broadbaugh*, the first upon the West, and the latter upon the East side of the Burn. The *Kairnburn* riseth in a Moss above the *Whitefield*. Upon it are the Over and Nether *Whitefields*, and at the foot of the Burn the Herd-house of the *West-third* of *Lintoun*, called *Divetthall*.

The *Whitefields* are the Heritage of Sir *William Drummond*, Son and Heir to the Learned Poet and Historian *William Drummond* of *Hawthornden*. The *Muires* and *Moses* produce copiously, here the *Genistella aculeata asphodelus lancastræ luteus*, *sedum minus palustre*, *erica vulgaris flore albo* and *vaccinea palustria*, whereof I have sent both Specimens and sets to Mr. *Sutherland* for our Physick Garden.

The next House following the Course of *Lyne* is *Spittlebaugh* built anno 1678, by *Rechar'd Murray* Heritable Proprietar thereof, Brother to Sir *Archbald Mur-*

Murray of Blackbarrony, which he Purchased from the late old Marquess of *Tweeddale*. Over against *Spittlehaugh* on the East-side of the Water, is the *Kaimhouse*, *Boggehouse* and *Commonhaugh*. A little below this, under *Rommano Milne*, the Water of *Lyne* receiveth into it's Bosom, the *Deadburn*, so called from the stillness and slowness of its Motion, It hath it's Fountain above the *Grange* at a place called the *Cresse-well*, and in a plain and Fertile Ground the length of three Miles, and runs into the Water of *Lyne*, as was said at *Romanno Milne alias Gaudies Mill* to which it makes a Dam: Here stands first a Mile to the Nor-east of this Burn-head an Herds house called *Blair-Bog*, and and then *Rommano*, *Grange* Over and Nether, with a little House built *anno 1663*, by the old Macer to the Session, *Robert Hammilton* then Heritor, but now to Sir *James Stuart* of *Goodtrees* Advocat his Majestys Soliciter: Next upon this Water is *Burns-Mill* with a little old Tower-house above the Mill, besides which grows the *Meum Athantanticum*. Then follows *Coltcoat* or rather *Coldcoat* an old House, and long in the Name of *Hamilton*, but now the Purchase and Dwelling house of Mr. *William Montgombry* of *Backbiehil* Advocat, lately Repaired by the Deceast *Alexander Hamilton* Macer to the Lords of Session. A little under it is the *Plewland* formerly a Pendicle of the Estate of *Coltcoat*, now the Heritage and Dwelling of *Alexander Baillie* of *Callands*, Here in the Spring of a Meadow, grows the *Ananthe Aquatica*; a little above upon the Road is the Noble-house, and down below the *Plewland* upon the Water, is the *Bogend*, and next to it stands *Halmire*, upon a little Mount surrounded with Bogs and Meadow excellently Watered, with a large and Limpid Spring: This House was built by

the once eminent and Powerful Barron *Tweedy* of *Drum-
lier* but belongs for the present to *Walter Murray* a Nephew
of *Blackbarrony*. Then follows *Romanno-Deans*, *Romanno
Mill* and the old House of *Romano*, Situat at some Distance
above the Water, betwixt 2 Burns in a spacious Green.
This ancient Family were Originally *Romano's* of that Ilk,
untill 200 and odd Years ago, by the Marriage of the
Heirefs *Janet Romano*, to a young Gentleman *William Mur-
ray* second Brother of the Honourable Family of *Philip-
haugh*; it hath continued in that Sir name for seven Lineal
Descents, till now by a like Revolution, it is in the hands
of Doctor *Alexander Pennecuik*, by Marrying the Heirefs
Margaret Murray.

At the Water side here is to be seen *verbasculum alpinum
Umbellatum rubrum*, called Birdseye, first observed in the
Mossy Skirts of *Blyth's-Mure*, by Doctor *Preston* and my
self in no small Quantity, whereof I sent many Setts to the
Physick Garden, where they prospered to a far greater
Hight. Nearby grows also *Bistorta alpina Minor* and
lunaria Minor, upon the Grassie brinks of the Water side
plentifully for near half a Mile, also *Morsus Diaboli flore*,
also the *Muscus clavatus*, *muscus cupressi formis*, and
muscus pixidatus, with many species and varieties of the
Orchis, and near by in the *Halmire-bog*, grows in abun-
dance, the little pretty Palm Willow, called *Chamaitea*,
valeriana minor, *erica baccifera* *sedum minus palustre* *pyrola*
with many Species of the *Gramina*, and about the Dunghills
of *Romano*, I found of the *Thlaspies*, both *Treacle* and *mi-
thridat Mustard*.

Upon the first of *October* 1677, there happened at *Roman-
no* in the very spot where now the Dovecoat is built, a Me-
morable Polymachy betwixt two Clanns of Gipsies, the
Farwes

Fawes and *Shawes*, who had come from *Haddingtoun* Fair, and were going to the *Harestains* to meet two other Clann^s of those Rogues, the *Baillies* and *Browns*, with a resolution to Fight them, they fell out at *Romanno* amongst themselves, about divideing the Spoyl they had got at *Haddingtoun*, and fought it Manfully; of the *Fawes* were four Brethren and a Brothers Son; of the *Shawes*, the Father with three Sons, with several Women on both Sides: Old *Sandie Faw* a Bold and proper fellow, with his Wife then with Child, were both kill'd Dead upon the place, and his Brother *George* very dangerously Wounded. February 1678. old *Robin Shaw* the Gipsie, with his three Sones, were hang'd at the *Grass-Mecat* for the abovementioned Murder committed at *Romanno*, and *John Faw* was hang'd the Wednesday following for another Murder. Sir *Archbald Primrose* was Justice general at the time, and Sir *George M'kenzie* King's Advocat. A short Mile below *Romanno* stands the *Newlands*, *Newland Kirk* and *Cantswals*, upon the Cleugh above the Church, there grows abundantly the *Spignel* or *Baldmony* abovementioned, it grows likewise, on several other dry Hillocks of *Tweeddale*. Here is likewise a Timber-bridge over this part of *Lyne* called the *Newland-bridge*. Nearby this, upon the Water side grows the *Morins diaboli flore albo*, & *gentianella fugax minor*, not only with the ordinary purple, but milk white Flower. In the Parishes of *Calder*, the Country People call this Plant *Eastning wort*, which they affirm makes there Cowes come a Bulling, when they get of it amongst their other Meat. In the Entry of this Church is the Isle and Burial place of *John Murray*, second Brother of *William Murray* of *Romano*. This *John Murray* by his Industry turn'd a rich Merchant, and was ordinarily term'd at *London*, four *John* of the Spicie-
reis

ries, when he came home, he was the first Rife and Founder of the Honourable Family of *Stenhop*, and great Grandfather to the present Sir *David Murray* Knight Barronet: He died at *Halmire*, and upon the Front of the Isle which he built, in raised Letters is this Inscription, *Hic quia sacro fonte Lotus sum saxea moles erigitur grati a Myer, 1700* *an* *animi* with the Year of God, this is still legible, but something defaced by the length of Time. The present Minister of the place is Mr. *Stephan Paton*; And a little above this upon the side of a pleasant Green Hill in *Romanno* Ground, are to be seen eleven or twelve, large and orderly Terrace Walks, which in their Summer Verdure cast a bonny Dash at distance, And this I take not to be Natural, but a Work of Art, because upon the top of the Hill, there is a little round Fortification of Earth and Stone, with a Ditch about it as if it had been some *Roman Garrison* and these Terraces cut out, to keep of Horse, and the like is to be seen upon the top of several other Hills in *Tweeddale* To the East of the Church high upon the Hill, is *Whiteside*, and over against it upon the Hill-side on the other side of the Water is *Boarland*, then *Cowthrople*, now called, *Callins* and next under it is the *Drochel* betwixt two Waters *Lyne* and *Tairth*, The *Nether Drochil* hath been designed more for a Palace then Castle of Defence, and is of a mighty Bulk founded, and more then half Built but never finished by the then Great and Powerful Regent *James Doonglass* Earl of *Mortoun*. Upon the Front of the South Entry of this Castle was * *I. E. O. M*, in raised Letters with the Fetterlock as Warden of the Borders. This mighty Earl for the Pleasure of the Place and salubrity of the Air, designed here a Noble Recess and Retirement from Worldly Business, but was prevented by his

* *James Earl of Mortoun*

his unfortunat and inexorable Death, three Years after anno 1581 being Accused, Condemned and Execute by the Maiden at the Cross of *Edinburgh*, as Art and Part of the Murder of our King *Henry Earl of Darnly*, Father to King *James the 6th* which fatal Instrument at least the Patern thereof, the cruel Regent had brought from Abroad to behead the Laird of *Pennecuik* of that Ilk who notwithstanding, Died in his Bed, and the Unfortunat Earl was the first himself that handselled that Merciless Maiden who proved so soon after his own Executioner.

Upon the other side of *Lynes Water*, at the Head of *Flemingtoun Mill-burn*, is *Fingland* in *Newland Parish*, and *Courhop* in the Parish of *Atleston*, and at the foot of the Burn is *Flemington-Mill*, and then upon the same side a quarter of a Mile below, is *Stevenston*, directly over against the *Drochil Castle*, The Water interveening.

Below this on the east side of the Water, at the Entry of the *Scrogwood*, is the Herdshouse called *Howburn*; And here the Water of *Tairth* falls into *Lyne*, commonly called *Newland Water*, which little Water descends from a place called the *Garwel Syke*, and further down is called *Medwin Water*; Of which Water it is remarkable, that a little above the *Garwel* foot it devides in two: The one half running west by *Newholm*, *Ogs-castle* and *Carrawath* to the River of *Clyde* which runs by *Hamilton*, *Glasgow*, &c. and ends its Course in the *Western Deu-Caledonian Sea*. The other part of *Medwin Water* comes of to the East, and runs into *Lynes Water* through *Tweeddale*, and both mingle with *Tweed* below *Lynes Mill*, and run to *Berwick* and the *Eastern Scotish Sea*. Upon this part of *Medwin* that runs through *Tweeddale*, Is first to be seen the *Garwel* foot belonging to *William Dowglass*, from thence it runs the

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matter of four Miles, and ends in *Newland Water*, at the Entry of the *Scrogwood*. The next House to *Garwel* foot, upon that Burn is *Ingistoun* upon the *Tweedale* side, and *Haughhead* upon the *Cliddefdale* side in the Parish of *Doufington*, where it makes a Dam to a Walk mill. Then further down upon the High Road, we come to a considerable Inn called the *Bridge-end* or *Ingistoun Bridge* upon the *Cliddefdale* side of the Burn, belonging to the Laird of *Doufington*; After which this Water is called *Tairth*, and runs first to new Mill of *Doufington*, to which it gives a Dam. Then it runs gently and mingles with *Netherurd burn*, which Burn riseth at the Hill a little above the *Howburn* of *Skirling*, and upon it are first the *Howburn*, then the Mount, *Lochuird*, the *Brewlands*, and above it upon the High Road of *Broughton-hill*, is the *Harestaues* or *Temple Land*, a Change-house, and next upon that Burn is *Netheruird*, and under it the Mill, and then the *Mileside Mil* below that *Blythsbridge-end*, or *Knockknows* another Ale-House, with a Stone-bridge and two Arches over the Water, built by the late Earl of *March*: Then the little Hamlet called the Town of *Blyth* which is in the Parish of *Lintoun*, Further down that Water is *Scotstoun* belonging to *James Brown* and is in the Parish of *Newlands*. A little below that on the other side of the Water is *Kirkcuird*, with its Church Mr. *Walker* Minister, The Laird here is chief of the Name of *Geddes*, and keeps their old Style of *Rachan*. Then follows a little Shiel called the *Frosthol*, and in the Hill above it is *Ladyuird*, and a little below this *Tairth* joineth Waters as said is *Lyne*, at the entry of the *Scrogwood*. After which follow the *Scrogs* & *Scrogwood*, consisting mostly of Birks and Allers, and above is the House called *Hamilton*, and over against it on the wester side of *Lyne*

Lyne is *Wester Halprew*. Then follows the Church of *Lyne* where Mr. *Samuel Mitchelson* is Minister; Here is to be seen the remains of a large and formal Camp near half a Mile in Circuit, Strongly Fenced with dry and double Ditches especially on the hight above the Water, which the Country People call to this Day *Randals Walls*.

And upon the Hill side above the Road to *Peebles* is the little Hamlet called the Town of *Lyne* and a quarter of a Mile below that is *Lynes Mill*, a Stone Bridge of three Arches, And about 3 Furlongs below this, near to the Barns *Lynes Water* is at an end and losseth its Name in *Tweed*. And now we come to the Water of *Manner*.

Manner Water riseth at a place called the *Foul Bridge* above the *Sting Bank*, and runneth Nor-east the Matter of six Miles before it mingle with *Tweed*, a quarter of a Mile above *Neidpaith*, Castle upon this Water is first *Manner head* upon the side of a Green Hill, below that *St. Gordian's Kirk*, where there is nothing now to be seen but the Rubbish and Ruins, then *Langhaugh*, Easter and wester *Posso* with the Mill a pleasant and solitary Seat in a Valley amongst high and Green-Hills, the Heritage of the late Deceast *James Nasmyth* of *Posso*, a Gentleman well accomplished, especially for Field Exercises, as Hunting, Hawking, Jumping, Horse Races, &c. The Predecessors of this Gentleman got this Fortune by a Marriage with the *Bairds*.

Then follows *Glenrath* Easter and Wester, *Mannerhal*, *Manner mill*, *Castle-hill*, Then Town of *Manner* so called, *Boghouse*, *Well-buss Woodhouse*, *Miltoun-mill*, *Hundelshop*, Easter and Wester *Hal-yards*, the Possession and Heritage of Captain *David Scot* late of the Foot-Guard. Over and

Nether *Glack*, then *Kirktoon* and the Church of *Manner* a Viccarage of the Parsons of *Peebles*, Mr. *Andrew Mitchell* Minister, then *Bellamrig*, below which there is a Stone Bridge over *Manner Water*, a little below which *Manner* as was said, pays its Tribute to *Tweed*, a little above the Castle of *Neidpath*. By course we are next to take a view of *Athelston Water*.

The Water of *Athelston*, hath its first and furdest Spring from *Kinseat Hill* within a Mile of the *Walltower*, runs about 7 Miles South, and then minglith Waters with *Tweed*, at the Town of *Peebles*. Upon it are to be seen first upon the East and West side over and Nether *Falla*, *Fallamill*, East and West *Loch*, *Harcouse*, *Shiplaw*, *Northsheil*, *Skitrig*, *Easter* and *Wester Deans Houses*, far up to the North and west as is the *Roading Lees*, and *Pvet Know*, the *Cloich*, the *Boreland*. Again South on the other side of the Water, The *Langcoat*, *Burnhead*, *Manstrand*, *Habton Waterless*. Next upon the Ascent to the North above the Water, stands the ancient and Honourable House of *Dearnhal*, lately made a regular and Beautiful Dwelling by the present Sir *Alexrnder Murray* Knight Barronet, who after along and Numerous Race of Noble Ancestors now worthily succeeds to both the Honours and Estate

Under this House at the foot of the Avenue and Park is the old Village of *Athelston* and *Athelston-mill*, where there is a Yearly Fair the also the Church upon the South side of the Water, Mr. *James Robison* present Minister, beside which is *Foolslan*. Then follows upon the Northside *Hatton Know*, *Hatton-mill*, *Milkistoun*, *Windilawes* upon the South side, and upon the North side *Over and Nether Stnarton*, *Wormiston*, *Cringilty* which
ac.

acknowledges for Master *John Murray* eldest Son of the second Marriage to the Honourable Sir *Alexander Murray* of *Blackbarrony*, who was Father by the first Marriage to the late Wife and nobly accomplished Gentleman Sir *Archibald Murray*, and Grandfather to the worthy Sir *Alexander* now Heritor there.

Next follows *Over* and *Nether Kidston*, *VVinkston Foulage*, *The Flat*, *Melins land*, *Heathpool* an Old Possession of the *Lauders*, then *Hutchenfield*, *Langside House*, *Smifield*, *Kidstoun mill*, *The White Law House*, *Chappel-Hill*, *Stand thelain*, *Cockieland Jedwardfield*, and so ends the Water of *Atleston*, at *Peebles*, where it is called *Peebles Water*.

The Water of *Quair*, is in Length, some more as three Miles, and hath its Fountain at *Glendean's Bank*, whereon are first to be seen; The *Glen*, East and West side, the Heritors *Cranston* and *Veitch*, the *Birks*, The *Nether Glen*, The *Fethan*, The *Orchard*, The *Kirk*, and *Kirkhouse*, *Cassie* present Heritor, Mr. *Livingston* now Minister of the place, and here the *Kirkhouse Burn* runs into *Quair*, at the *Kirk-bridge*. Upon this Burn stands *East-cr* and *Wester Glenludes*, *Condpil*, and *Newhall*; Then upon *Quair*, below *Kirkhouse*, is *Shillinglaw*, *Walker-Know*, *Damhead*, The *Deanhole*, *Deanfoot*, The *Riggs* and the *Know* of *Traquair*, *Traquair-Mill*, The *Tinniel-burn*, and the stately House of *Traquair* it self, situat betwixt the two Waters of *Quair* and *Tweed*, and both Join Waters a little below the House of *Traquair*. And now to *Leithen Water*.

The Water of *Leithen* riseth at a Spring called the *Water-head* a long Mile from *Gladhouse*, and runs the length of six Miles before it ends in *Tweed*, at *Innerleithen*. Up-

on it is first to be seen *Huthop* upon the West, and *Craig-hop* upon the East of the Water, almost opposit, A Mile below is *Willieslee*, and upon the same side is *Willieshop*; upon the West side *Dunslair* a little above *Willieslee*, Then *Wheathop* upon the East side, and likewise at a little distance from the Water, is *Kittescleugh*, follows *Blaikenbyre*, then *Glentros*, *Foulhop* upon the West side and *Calwhair* upon the East. Upon the west side again is the *Lee* and *Harpersheil* on the East side, then the Herd's House called *Innerleithin*, Common, And last of all the Town and Church of *Innerleithin*, Mr. *James Gray* Minister and here is a yearly Fair; At this place *Innerleithin* Water joins in with *Tweed*.

And now having described all the Waters that are Tributary to *Tweed* in this Country, We come to *Tweed* it self and shall trace its Current with what is remarkable about it from its Head, so far as it runs in *Tweddale* to the *Forrest*, in the March at *Gaithop burn*.

The famous River of *Tweed* hath its first Spring at a place called *Tweeds-Cross*, and both *Annan* and *Clyde* have their first Rise from the same hight, about half a mile from one another where *Clyde* runneth West, *Annan* to the South, and *Tweed* to the East, and none of these Rivers have their Fountain from the Hill *Tinto*. As *Hector Boetius* and some other of our Historians, Erroniously Record, but a late Philitian near the place, though otherwise a Learned and Laborious Gentleman, is the less excuseable [for putting in Print the same Mistake, taking that Relation upon Trust, and Copying after these North Country Gentlemen, who lived at such a distance, whereas, the Latter had his Residence not many Miles from *Tinto*, and the top of it in his view

view, and it is certain there is not so much as a Spring seen to issue from that great and Overtopping Hill, and that the Fall of these three Rivers mention'd, is at least Twelve Miles to the South of *Tinto*, and *Clyde* is a considerable River before it reach near the foot of *Tinto*, from when it runs by *Lanerick*, *Hamilton*, *Glasgow*, *Greenock* into the deu *Caledonian-Sea*. *Tweed* from its first head, runs down to a place upon the high way called *Tweeds Slush* or *Tweedsshaw*, where there is lately a little Alehouse built, The next House upon the Road likewise, and by a little Burn running into *Tweed*, is called *Tweedhop foot*, an old Inn and Ale-house where lived in my time an honest fellow called *Jamie Welsh*, ironically nicknamed the Bairn of *Tweedhop foot*, well known for his huge Bulk and Strength, being a perfect *Milo*, with a Heart and Courage conform. A quarter of a Mile above this place, the Water of *Cor* from the Hill above the *Corhead* in *Annamdale* falls into *Tweed*, whereupon stands only *Earleshaugh*. This Water is in length about two Miles, and joins with *Tweed* above the *Tweedhop foot*. From thence down the Water on the South side is *Fingland*, on the other side up the Hill is the Onstead called *Badlien*, then *Frood Water* which from the South mingles with *Tweed*, Upon it are only *Frood* on the east side of that Burn and *Cartrop* on the west over against it. Furder down upon the head of a Burn on the south side of *Tweed*, stands the Old-House of *Hawkshaw* belonging to *Porteous* from a Numerous Race of Ancestors Chiefs of that surname, Over against the foot of *Hawkshaw-Burn* in a Kairn beside the High road is the Giants Grave, so called from a huge and mighty Fellow, that robbed all on the way, but was at length

length from a Mount in the over side of the River surpris'd and shor to Death as Tradition goes.

Then follows upon the North, *Glenbreck* and *Rigs*, *Over* and *Nether Mlnion*, *Over* and *Nether Oliver*, from whence the Valiant *Frazer Lord Oliver Castle* had his Title. He it was, that with the Assistance of the *Cummen*, and 10000 *Scots* defeat an Army of 30000 *English* at *Rosclin*, in one Day, which may be seen at more length, in both our Histories and their own, and particularly in Doctor *Abercrumdys* late Worthy *Biography*. The said *Lord Oliver Castle* is still called first in the Rolls at the head Courts of the Shire in *Peebles*. Below this upon the high Road, is the Inns called the *Beild*, and a little from it *Tweedmure-Church* upon the *Quarter Know*, Mr. *Haigins* Minister, Then the *Linsits*, And here the Water of *Tallow* runs from the Hills above the matter of 5 Miles, and ends in *Tweed* near the Kirk.

The Water of *Meggit* hath its furdest Spring from a part of the famous *Lochskeen*, and is the only Water in *Tweeddale* that pays no Tribute to *Tweed*, but runs from the southside of the Hills to the *Southeast*, some 5 Miles, and ends it's Course in the bosom of *St. Mary-Loch*, and from thence with *Tarrow*, watereth the Woody-Banks of the *Forrest*: Upon the head of this Water is first to be seen a House deservedly called *Dead for Cald*, then *Wintropburn*, *Meggit-Knows*, the *Crammel*, which seems to have been an old Hunting-House of our Kings, for I saw in the Hall thereof, a very large *Harts-horn*, upon the Wall for a Clock Pinn, The like I observed in several other Conty Mens Houses in that Desart and Solitary place, where both *Hart* and *Hynd*, *Dae* and *Rae* have been so frequent and

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numerous of Old, as witness the Name of the Hill *Hartfield*.

Next upon *Meggit* follows *Sheilhop*, then *Craiggy-Rigg*, *Siert*, *Dirtbop*, and last of all *Henderland*, upon the side of the Pleasant *St. Mary-Loch* where *Meggit* ends its Course, and here grows the *Scurvy Grass*, amongst the Stones and Sand, in the Water-side, a considerable way up *Meggit*, The Old and Honourable *Cockburns* of *Henderland* were then acknowledged to be chief of that Surname in this Kingdom, All the Onsteads upon this Water are in the Parish of *Lyne*, notwithstanding the great distance of the place and badness of the way. And now we return over the Hill again to *Tweed*, where we left. Next below the Kirk of *Tweedmure* is *Cockland*, *Westside* and *Eastside Herstain*. Here about on the High-way side is to be seen the melancholy Thistle, both the *Cirsium maximum Lutetianum*, and the *Cirsium anglicum foliis dissectis*. Then below the *Bield* follows the *Cruick*, and over against it the *Bower*, then the Old-House of *Powmood* lately well Repaired. The Copy of the Original Charter of this Gentlemans Lands as I have it under his own Hand, is as follows, and which he had from his Father.

‘ I *Malcom Kenmure* K I N G, the first of my Reign, gives to the *Normand Hunter* of *Powmood*, the *Hope* up and Down, above the Earth to Heaven, and below the Earth to Hell, as free to thee and thine as ever G O D gave it to me and Mine, and that for a *Bow* and a *broad Arrow* when I come to hunt in *Tarow*, and for the mair *Suith*, I byte the white Wax with my Tooth, before thir Witnesses three,

May,

Mauld,

and *Marjorie.*

The

The year of G O D

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The broad Arrow is still in the House. And *Bow* has been seen by several Persons. This Gentleman is acknowledged to be the undoubted Chief of the Surname of *Hunter* in this Isle of *Brittain*, though there be some of the Name that possess more Ample Fortunes. Below *Powmood*, *Powmood-mill* and *Potervan*. About a quarter of a Mile below this *Kingledoor-Burn* falls in *Tweed*, from the West upon the High-Road, and upon it stands *Glenmuck Kingledoor-hop*, *Glenkeirie*, *Chappel Kingledoor*, *Craw Kingledoor* on the other side. Then follows the *Logan* up the Hill on the westside of the River, and upon the other side *Stenhop* east and west. And *Mosfennan* upon the side of a Green-Hill over against it, *Hopkartin* on the southside. Next upon the southside of *Tweed*, clos upon the Water, stands the Ancient decayed House of *Drumelzer*, whose Heritors were from all Antiquity Chiefs of the Name of *Tweedie*, a Powerful and Domineering Family, now quite extinct. Upon the top of a Hill above the Mansion, is still to be seen, the remains of their little Old, but very strong Fortalice, called the *Tennis-Castle*, whereby all sorts of Passengers that had occasion to travel that way, were obliged to stryke Sail, Salute and pay Homage to that haughty Baron, or else to return from whence they came, not without some Marks of Disgrace.

A little further down is the Town of *Drumelzer*, with the Church, Mr. *Wallace* Minister, There is one thing remarkable here, which is. The Burn called *Pausayl*, runs by the Eastside of this Church-yard into *Tweed*, at the side of which Burn, a little below the Church-yard, the famous Prophet *Merlin* is said to be Buried, The particular place of his Grave, at the Root of a Thorn-Tree, was shewn me many years ago, by the Old and Reverend Minister of the

the place Mr. *Richard Brown*, and here was the old Prophecy fulfilled, delivered in *Scots Ryme* to this purpose.

*When Tweed and Pausayl, meet at Merlins Grave,
Scotland and England, shall one Monarch have.*

For the same Day that our King *James the 6th*, was Crowned King of *England*. The River *Tweed* by an extraordinary Flood, so far Overflowed its Banks, that it met and joined with *Pausayl*. at the said Grave, which was never before observed to fall out, nor since that time.

A little below the *Rachan*, on the Southside, *Holms Water* meets with *Biggar Water*, and both run into *Tweed* below *Dreva craig*. *Holms-Water*, hath its Spring from *Glenharvie*, where there is first *Glenluds*, and then *Glenkirk* belonging to *Porteous*, and has been very long in that Name. Then *Chappelgil*, *Glencotho* on the other side of the Water, *Gienbigton*, *Smelhom*, *Holms Kirk*, and *Kirkbal*, Mr. *Minister. Cardon* a piece up the Hill on the west side of the Water, *Burn-brae*, the *Quarter*.

The *W'rae*, upon the side of a Hill, where there is lately discovered a very good *Lyme-Stone*. The old *Tower-House of Cuttle-ball* at the foot of the Hill in a Plain the Old Dwelling-house of *Geddes* Chief of the Name, and is still in the Possession of their Posterity, above this is the *Slack-Burn-brae* and *Cald-Shoulders*, and below is the *Rachan*; and *Rachan mill*, *Baithbop-land*, the *Kirkland-burns*, and further down near the *Rachan*, is *Duke-pool* a little small Room, of a long time possessed by the Name of *Bartram*, and still is, who pretend to be Chief of that

Sur-name. Above that upon the Hill-side, is *Whitsleid*, in the Name of *Dickson*, and under it upon the High-road is the Smith's House *Call-late*, All these are in the Parish of *Glenholm*.

Biggar-Water entreth into *Tweeddale* below the *Bog-bal*, whereupon stands first upon the Border of *Coulter Parish*, in *Clydesdale*, *Hartry*, *Dam head*. The House of *Hartry* it self upon a little Mount plain amongst *Bog*. This Interest is in the Name of *Dickson* Then follows *Knowhead*, *Threepland*, the *Hole* above *Threepland* the *Pyetknow*, the *Neither houses*, the House of *Cleugh*, the Church of *Killbucko*, called of old *St. Bez* Mr. *Tait* Minister *Mitchelhill*, *Goseland*. *Blendewin*, the *Raw*, *Howslack* *Killbucko Town*, *Mains* and *Mill*. This was erected into a Regality by the Lord *Hartry* Grand Uncle to this Gentleman *Dickson* of *Killbucko*, who is present Heritable Master of the same. From thence the Water of *Bigger* runs to the South-east and meets with *Broughtoun*. *Broughtoun-burn* at the High-road the matter of two Bow draught below the Town of *Broughtoun*, and both join *Holms-Water*, and then empty themselves altogether in *Tweed* a little below the *Dreva-craig*. *Skirlin-Burn* falls also into *Biggar Water*, and ariseth at the *Lady-well*; upon it are *Candie*, the *Knock*, *Skirlin-mill*, *Skirlin-house*, *Town*, and *Church*, *Skir-in-Mains*, and *Waken-mill*, here are kept Fairs yearly, then *Kirklaw-hill*, *Skirlin*, *Mure-burn*. This Interest was ancient in the Name of *Cockburn*, has been in many hands, but is now in the Possession of the Lord *Hindefoord*.

Broughtoun Water comes from the *Pyked Stone*, and run some more than two Miles first to the *Clasbaford*, then *Broughtoun sheilds*, *Claver hill* above the Road, the House of

of *Broughtoun*, The Heritage and Dwelling-house of the House of the Honourable Sir *David Murray* of *Stenhop*, Barronet; *Broughtoun-Mains* and Town, *Mure-burn* of *Dreva*, below which this Burn as was said, ends in *Biggar-Water*. In the Parish of *Broughtoun*, besides upon the back of *Broughtoun-hill*, is *Langlaw-hill* and *Stirkfield*, belonging of old to the Name of *Elphinston*, and lastly upon the side of the Hill near the foot of *Biggar-Water*, is *Burnetland*

Then following down the Course of *Tweed*, on the Northside lyes *Drevach*, and *Drevach-Shiels*, and upon the Hill above, the famous *Skailly Quarrie*, called *Stobo-Slait*, belonging to Sir *David Murray* of *Stanhop*, Transported far and near for covering the Houses of the Nobility and Gentry, and making a Light and beautiful Roof. On the other side of the River over against *Drevach Shiel*, is *Wester-Darwick* at the foot of a Black-hill upon a pleasant Plain on the River side, with the Church and Mill, Mr. *Smith* of the Episcopal Perswasion Minister here: In this place below the Church, grows in abundance, the *Ebulus* or *Dwarf Elder*. This belonged from the very ancient Times to the Name of *Veitch*, a considerable Family, of which Surname they were Chief, but is now in the hands of Sir *James Nasmyth* of *Possö*, an eminent Lawyer, who has Rebuilt the House and Garden and added some more Ornamental Planting for the Beauty of the place.

Here in an Old Orch-yard did the Herons in my time build their Nests upon some large Pear trees, whereupon in the Harvest time are to be seen much Fruit growing, and Trouts and Iles crawling down the Body of these Trees. These Fish the Herons take out of the River of *Tweed* to their Nest,

Nests, and as they go in at the Mouth, so they are seen squirt out again at the Draught. And this is the remarkable Riddle they so much talk off, to have Flesh, Fish, and Fruit at the same time upon one Tree. Upon the Hill side on the Northside of the River, is the Town and Mill of *Stobo*, a pleasant and Fertile Spot of Ground, lying a little above the River, and to the South-Sun: Their Minister for the Time is Mr. *William Russel*. Over against *Stobo* below *Wester-Darwick* is a Tennents House called *Lour*, and below that *Ester-Darwick*, and next to that *Hastwell-syke*, and then the *Barns* an old Family in the Name of *Burnet*, from which there have been many considerable Descendents. Upon the Hill above the *Barns*, is *Caver-hill*, an Old Ruinous-House. This Interest from very ancient times, has been in the Name of *Paterfon*, and were accounted the Chief of that Sur-name in the Kingdom. In the Course of *Tweed* we come next to the Strong-Castle of *Neidpath*, called of old the *Castle of Peebles*, Situate a little above the River upon the Descent of a Steep and green Hill.

*The Noble Neidpath, Peebles overlooks,
With its fair Bridge and Tweeds meandering Crooks,
Upon a Rock it Proud and Stately stands,
And to the Fields about gives forth Commands.*

This lofty Castle though it stand strait amongst Hills, yet it is surrounded with good store of Ornamental *Forrest-trees* of all sorts, which prosper very well, especially the *Poplar*. *Beech*, and *Fir*, trained up by the Industrie of the Right Honourable and Famous Planter, the Deceased Marquess of *Tweeddale*, and the late Earl of *March*. Here is also a
Slop.

Slopping *Parterre* in good order, and three or four pretty *Terraces*, betwixt the House and Water. Furder down the Path about three Furlongs, stands the Ancient Burgh of *Peebles*, in a large and Fertile Plain upon the River *Tweed*, through which Town runs *Athelsoun* or *Peebles Water*, and Divides the Old Town from the New, of which pretty Burgh, notice the following Ornaments,

*Peebles, The Metropolis of the Shire,
Six times three Praïses do from me require ;
Three Streets, Three Ports, Three Bridges it Adorn,
And three old Steeples, by three Churches born.
Three Mills to serve their Town in Time of Need,
On Peebles Water, and the River Tweed.
Their Armes are proper, and point furth their meaning.
Three Salmond Fishes nimble counter Sweeming,*

*Numero
Deus, im-
pari gau-
det.*

The Motto of their Armes is,

Contra nando incrementum.

I have here observed, that about this Town, both Fruit and *Forrest-trees*, have a smoother Skin then else-where, and are seldom seen, either to Fog or be Bark-bound, the Soil is so clean and good and supplied with the scent of Water sufficiently. And here upon the fourth of *May*, is yearly run, a famous Horse Race, for a large Silver Cup ; Upon the River on the South-side of *Peebles* is a pretty Bridge of five Arches, It's Antiquity not known to the Inhabitants.

Ereäi-

Erection of the Cross-Church of Peebles.

On this place of the Principal was the Armes of *Scotland, England, France and Ireland.*



Here in the Principal was the Town of *Peebles* Armes, being three Fishes and their motto, *contra nando incrementum.*

Gal: 6, 14.
I. X. O. T. Σ.

Ecclesia Sanctæ crucis Peblensis origo.

AT and within the *Library* of *St. Johns Colledge* in *Cambridge*, the seventeenth Day of *December*, the Year of *GOD* One Thousand six Hundred and Fourty Years, *Mr. Andrew Watſon* Viccar of *Peebles*, having made Re-search in the Records of *North-Brittain*, found extant therein the Erection of the *Cross-Kirk of Peebles*, in manner as is after Described, and therefore did extract the same under his own hand, in presence of an good Number of the Masters and Fellows of the severall Colledges in the University, to evidence unto present and future Ages, That the said Cross Kirk with the Enduements thereof, was erected by the *KING* of *SCOTS* for the special Benefit and good of the Incorporation and Burgh of *Peebles*, which in the Ori-

Original Manuscripts and Records, is to that end called *Plebes*, that is the Commons or lay People of that place; The Tenor of two of which Records follow, viz.

Saviente per Britanias Maximiani persecutione, St. Nicolaum ex Culdeorum ordine Episcopum, Affectum Martyrio vitam finisse; Dempsterus Histlor: Ecclesiast: Scotor: Liber: 13. Numb. 952. his verbis refert,

St. Nicolaus Culdeus, atque unus ex primis Scotiæ: ecclesiæ Episcopis, saviente, per Brittanias Maximiani Persecutione, Martyrio affectus; in urnam lapideam, sacrosantæ reliquæ corporis, frustatim concisi; et truncati, repositæ, atque una cum Cruce quadam venerabili, in terram defossæ, postea effossæ, hac inscriptione venerationem meruerunt: St. Nicolai Episcopi, quibus deinde Rex Alexander 3^{tus}. Rogatu Glasguensis episcopi, magnificam ecclesiam apud Plebes (vel Pebles potius) construxit: Quæ, stante apud nostrates pietate, miraculorum gloria erat illustris, et concursu mirabili frequentabatur. Passus, est hic Episcopus Martyrium Anno 296 repertum sacrum corpus, ex inscriptione agnitum, et cum Cruce exaltatum; 7. id. Maii anno 1262. Qui fuit 13. Alexandri 3 Regis, ut in Scoti Chronico Extat: Lib. 14. Cap. 16.

Ex Scoti-Chronici Scriptore, hec sunt verba.

Septimo Iduum mensis Maii anno Domini 1262, & Regni regis Alexandri 3ⁱⁱ. 13. inventa est quadam Magnifica Crux, et venerabilis, apud Pebles, astantibus honestis viris, clericis, Presbyteris, et Burgensibus; sed quoto anno vel a quibus personis ibidem abscondita fuerit, penitus ignoratur: Creditur tamen quod saviente Maximiani persecutione in Britannia per quosdam fideles abscondabatur, circa annum Domini 296. inde vero non longe postea ibidem reperta est urna Lapidea, quasi tribus vel

quatuor passibus a loco quo illa gloriosa Crux fuerit inventa, cineres et ossa continens, cujusdam corporis humani, quasi membra-
tim decurtati : cujus autem sunt reliquiae nondum scitur ab aliquo
Quidam illius esse reliquias cujus nomen inven-
tum est scriptum in ipsa petra, in qua illa crux jacebat ; sculpe-
batur in ipsa forinsecus Locus St. Nicolai episcopi, in ipso que
loco, ubi extra inveniebatur, per ipsam crucem crebra fiebant et
fiunt Miracula, atque populi catervatim ibidem confluxerunt et
confluunt, vota et oblationes, Deo devote portantes, unde Rex
de consilio Episcopi Glasguensis, Ecclesiam ibidem honestam in
honorem Dei, et sanctae Crucis fieri fecit, et Plebeiorum Quotide-
anis praeis et Elemosinas de voti offerri mandavit.

Hanc esse veram copiam ex originali testamur.

Jo. Hay soc: Collegii St. Jo:
Evangelistae Cantabrigiae.
Jo: Cleveland socius ejusdem
Coll:
Guil: Laiy socius ejusdem
Collegii.

Thus Translated by Mr. John Frank, and Dedicated to the
Magistrates of Peebles.

Demster in the 13 Book Number 952, of his Scots Ecclesia-
stical History, Relates, That during the rage of the Persecu-
tion of Maximianus, b, through Brittain, St. Nicolus of
the Order of the Culdees, c, Bishop suffered Martyrdom,
and that in thir Words, St. Nicolaus Culdee and an of the
first Bishops of the Church of Scotland, d, sufferring Mar-
tyre-

tyredom the time of *Maximians* hot Persecution in *Brittainne*,
 The holy reliques of his Body cut assunder in Bitts or Col-
 ops and pieces laid up in an Shrine of Stone, and together
 with an certain venerable Cross, e hidden in the Earth
 and afterward digged up again, deserved veneration by
 this inscription that was thereon, of St. *Nicolaus Bishop*
 upon which King *Alexander f.* the 3^d. at the request of
 the *Bishop of Glasgowe, g.* did build an Magnificent Church,
 at *Peebles i.* which while the Piety of our Ancestors
 continued was famous by the Glory of its Miracles, and
 Repaired to by a wonderful confluence of People. This
 Bishop was Martyred in the year, *k.* 296. His sacred Body
 known by the Inscription, was found, and with the Crosse
 raised and Exalted 7th May anno 1262. which was the 13
 Year of King *Alexander* the 3^d. as is to be seen at greater
 length in the Book 14 Chap: 16.

*These following are the words of the Author of the Scots
 Chronicles.*

‘ Upon the 7th May 1262. the 13 Year of the Reign of
 King *Alexander* the 3^d. There was found at *Peebles* an
 certain Magnificent and Venerable Cross in presence of
 honest Men, Kirk men Ministers, and Burgeses, but when
 and by whom it was hidden in the Earth is altogether
 unknown, yet it is supposed to have been hidden and bu-
 ried by certain of the Faithful, the Time of *Maximians*
 Persecution in *Brittain* about the year 1296. And short-
 ly thereafter in the same place about 3 or 4 Paces distance
 from the part, where that glorious Cross was found at,
 There was found an Shrine or Pot of Stone, containing
 the Ashes and Bones of a certain Man's Body, cut as it

' were in small pieces : But whose Reliques they were,
 ' none knows, some think they were the Reliques of him
 ' whose Name was engraven on the Stone it self, in which
 ' that holy Cross lay, there was Engraven thereon without,
 ' The place of St. *Nicolaus Bishop*. In the same place also
 ' where it was found, there was and are yet, frequent Mira-
 ' cles done by that Cross, and thither the People with ho-
 ' ly Vowes and Oblations to God devoutly flocked, and
 ' still do from all parts, upon which account the King by
 ' Advice of the Bishop of *Glasgow*, caused an stately Church
 ' in Honour of God and the holy Cross *m.* to be Erected,
 ' and Reared up, and Commanded the Dayly Prayers and
 ' Alms-deeds of the People to be devoutly offered.

That th is is the true Coppy of the Original Witneseth

Jo: Hay n. fellow of St. John the
Evangelist Colledge in Cam-
bridge.

Jo: Cleveland, fellow of the
same Colledge.

Guil: Laiy fellow thereof.

Nota, & interpretis Observationes in Testemonia supra scrip-
ta Marmore & Cedro digna.

a, He was an Scot our Country-man, *b*, *Maximianus* a
Roman Emperour conjunct with *Dioclesian* who raised the
 tenth Persecution against the Church, began his Reig
 An: sal: 286 *Helyne's Cosmography Lib. 1. c.* the Priests in the
 Primative times were so termed, which *Hector Boetius* Li
 6. think

6 thinks to have signified *Cultores Dei*, Worshippers of God :
 But Venerable *Spotswood Hist: Church, Lib. 1.* Thinks it
 rather to be frae the *Cells* they lived in, where People as-
 sembled to hear Divine Service, and in certain old Bulls
 and Rescripts of *Popes*, they are termed *Kele Dei* and not
Culdei. And *Lib. 2.* He expressly mentions this same Bish-
 op *Nicolaus, d.* The Bishops were all styll'd *Scotorum Epif-*
copus, a Scots Bishop, or a Bishop of Scotland, before King
Malcome the 3^d. his time, An: f. 1057, who was the first
 divided the Country in Diocesses, and after that they were
 stilled either by the Countries whereof they had the Over-
 sight, or the City wherethey had their Residence. *Spot-*
tswood Lib. 1. e. This has been an Cross Calvary (so term-
 ed in Herauldrie) in Form of our blessed Lord and Savi-
 our's Cross, and not decussat in form of St. *Andrew's Cross*,
 The chosen Patron of Scotland, *f.* He began his Reign anno
 1240, *g.* within whose Province, and Diocesse the Church
 and Burgh of *Peebles* lyes. The Bishops Name was *Willi-*
am and *Gamelinus* was then Arch-Bishop of St. *Andrews*,
 who with Diverse Prelates, were present at the Dedication
 of this Church, which was solemnly done with many Pom-
 pous Cerimonies. *h.* In the time of *Congallous* anno 479. by
 Advice of *Columba* who lived in the Isle *Jona* (called now
Jcolmkill) The Monks that in former times lived disperfed
 were gathered into *Cloysters*, or *Colledges*, and had Rules
 prescribed to them, *Spotswood Lib. 1. s.* The Incorporation
 and Burgh there. *k.* this was in the Reign of Valiant and
 Godly King *Crauilin* the 34 King of Scots, who purged
 the Kingdom of the Superstitious Idolatry of the *Druides*,
 and planted the sincere *Christian Religion* 93 years after
 the *Christian Faith* was embraced in Scotland by
 Donald

Donald 1. anno 203. *Spotiswood D:L L:* Certain of the ancient Incorporation of *Peebles, m,* whence it derives its Name, *Cross Church,* it was endued by King *Alexander* with large Revenues, *Spotiswood Lib:* 2. a part and Vestige of which remains extant, and constantly employed for the Publick Worship and Service of God. *n,* He was eldest Son to the Famous and Learned Doctor: *Theodor Hay* Parson of *Peebles* and *Manner,* whom his Father after his Philosophick course at *Edinburgh,* sent to the Universities of *Cambridge* to study Theologie; where he did so profite therein, that having commenced Batchelour of Divinity, and returning home, was to the great Benefite and Universal Satisfaction of all, Created and Admitted Parson in anno 1648, and continuing in that Function, was a little after his Sacred Majesties return, created Arch-Deacon of *Glasgow,* In both which Stations he faithfully and Successfully continued an eminent Father, Light and Pillar of this Church, while the fatal third Day of *October* 1666 *atatis suæ 53.*

The present Provost of *Peebles* is *John Junkison.* On the other side of *Tweed* is *Edderstoun,* Then below *Peebles* *Sundhop* and *Sundhop-mill,* *Sheilgreen,* On the other side *Haystoun,* a pleasant Dwelling with a long and rising Avenue of Trees, from the River and Bridge, *Haystoun-mill,* *Newbie,* *Glenfacks,* *Bonnetoun,* *Woodgrievintoun,* The *Dod,* *Whitehangh,* *Fairniehaugh,* *Kings-Meadows,* *Scots-mill,* *East-er* and *Wester Kailly,* pleasantly Situat upon *Tweed-River,* the Residence of *David-Plenderleith* of *Blyth* Advocat, *Old* and *New Eshels,* upon the North-side of *Tweed,* The *Hope* and *Chappel-Yards,* then follows the old House of *Horseburgh* upon a rising ground, then *Nether Horseburgh,* with

with it's Mill, and on the other side *Kirkburn* of *Kaillie*, the *Highland-sheil*, the *Newhouse* of *Cardronno*, belonging of old time out of Memory to the Surname of *Govan*, Chiefs of the Name, now in the hands of *Walter Williamson* Son of the Deceast *William Williamson* late Clerk of *Peebles*, then *Tasburn head*, in the Parish of *Tarrow*, *Ormistoun* on the other side of *Tweed*, on the South-side *Greistoun*, Then follows the pleasant place or rather Palace of *Traquair*, Situat in a large and Fertile Plain, betwixt the River *Tweed* and Water of *Quair*, and these two join and mingle Waters a little below the noble House it self, of which take the following Distichs.

*On fair Tweed-side, from Berwick to the Bield,
Traquair for Beauty, fairly wins the Field,
So many Charms by Nature and by Art,
Do there combine to Captivat the Heart,
And please the Eye, with what is Fine and Rare,
So that few Seats, can match with sweet Traquair.*

On the other side is the *Pirn*, which was the Residence of the Chief of the Name of *Tait*, now the Dwelling place of *Alexander Horsbrugh* of that Ilk, in whose hands it now is by Marriage of the Heiress.

Then follows the *Haugh-head*, *Bole Easter* and *Wester*, The *Scrog-bank*, *Kirnaw*, *Purvis-hill*, *Caverton*, *Gatehop-Know*, and *Gatehop-burn*, where *Tweeddale* ends, and Marches with the Sherifdom of *Selkirk*, or the *Forrest*,

Having done with *Tweeddale*, for the furdur satisfaction of the Curious, especially our Learned and Worthy Phisicians and Apothecary Chirurgions in *Edinbdrgh* who most of them I believe, may be Strangers to the Shire I have now Described, here follows an Alphabetical Catalogue of several Plants that I have observed to grow Wild in *Tweeddale*, besides the Common; which I found more rare to be found in my Search through the other places of the Kingdom.

A *Dianthum album floridum Raii. Anthillis. Leguminosa. Asphodelus Lancastriae luteus Astragalus Silvaticus. Bistorta alpina minor. Chamecistus anglicus Lentus Chamaitea, chamemorus. Chamenerion Gesneri, Chamerubus saxalilis Gerardi. Cardanus mollis foliis dissectis carduns mollis foliis Lapaths acuti non dissectis. Cochlearia Brittauca rotundifolia. Ebulus Erica vulgaris flore albo Erica barcifera Genistella aculeata. Gentianella fugax minor flore albo. Lonchistis minor Lunaria minor, Meum Athantanticum, Morsus diaboli flore albo, Muscus clavatus muscus cupressi formis, pixidatus folio in summitate rubelo. Venanthe aquatica pedicularis foliis et flore albo pyrola. Ranunculus aqualicis flore albo duplici, Rosa canina pimpinella foliis. Ros solis, Rubus Joæus Druetu rubro, salix humilis repens, Thlaspi Candia, Thlaspi diascoridis, Trachelium majus Belgarum, Valeriana minor Palustris.*

APPENDIX.

There was some 60 Years ago found in the Mount-hill a little to the East of *Skirling*, in a Mossy Turf, a Parcel of Gold which Mr. *Mosman* Merchant in *Edinburgh* caused Polish, and made thereof two Rings to be seen in his Nephews Custody. It is to be remarked, that this Eminent River *Tweed* above described, so far as it runs in *Tweeddale*, hath its first Fountain as was before related, near by a Mile to the East of the Place where this Shire marches and borders with the Stewartry of *Annandale*, that is *Tweeds-Cross*, so called from a Cross which stood and was Erected there in time of *Popery*, as was ordinary in all the Eminent Places of publick Roads in the Kingdom before our Reformation. From thence *Tweed* making several Meanders passeth first through the Paroch of *Tweeds-moor* the place of its birth, then running eastward watereth the Parishes of *Glenholm*, *Drumelzear*, *Broughton*, *Darwick*, *Stobo*, *Lyne*, *Manner*, *Peebles*, *Traquair*, *Innerleithin*, and from thence hath its course to the Forrest or Sheriffdome of *Selkirk* at *Gatehopburn*, a little above *Elibank*, as is before related.

So Farewell *Tweeddale*, I'm no more thy Debtor,
Let him that censures this, describe the better.

Veniam pro Laude peto.

**

Ad-

Advertisement,

Kind Reader,

YOU are intreated not to take offence, that the Map of *Tweeddale* is not yet ready to be insert in the Books, as was promised in the Proposals, by reason of Mr. *Adair's* Indisposition and Unability to Travel, being confin'd to his Chamber by a severe Gout : He it was that we pitcht upon as the best and fittest Geographer for the particular Survey of this Country, which he undertook and intends to perform, whenever his Hands and Feet are again rendred capable to serve the Shire for that purpose, in order to a more exact Map than any that has been drawn of it hitherto.

To

To the Ingenious and Worthy Author
of the following *Description* and *Poems*.

P R O U D England boasts to be the *Muses Seat*,
Glorys in Spencer's Flights, and Cowley's Heat.
 Ben Johnston's *Manly Sence*, Ethridge's *Plays*,
 Chaucer's *bright Wit*, and Herbert's *Heavenly Lays*.
 Milton's *Inspired Thoughts*, and Sidney's *Strains*,
Who sung the sweetest of the Arcadian Swains.
These are the Muses Darling Sons indeed,
Not Equaliz'd by Bards benorth the Tweed,
Our Famous Scotlands Snowy Hills gives Birth,
To Wits and Warriours Famous on the Earth.
On Barren Heaths which never felt the Plow,
And frozen Hills the Richest Learning grew.
Toss'd in cold Cliffs of Caledonia Coasts,
With Boreas Blasts and Hyperborean Frosts.

()

*Seraphick Songs flow from Buchannan's Quill,
Too great for Man, almost for Angels Skill.
The Admir'd Drummond dropt celestial Lines,
Of Wit, in which a Boundless Fancy Shines.*

*Immortal Douglass in his Hermit Cell,
Drunk with the Streams of Helliconian Well,
Reeling with Raptures, in a rapid Strain.
Virgil Translates, and brightens up his Fame.
Stirling and Maitland leave immortal Names,
Let's read the Muses Welcome to King James.
Where Constellations of bright Wits appear,
Who fill the Soul with Knowledge, Charm the Ear.*

*Crawfoord of late the British Ovid grew,
And you prove Sir the British Ovid now.*

*I Wish my Worth did Equalize my Will,
That I in Natur's Secrets had thy Skill ;
And could Express them with thy Matchless Quill.*

*Happy that People whom thou dwells among,
No wonder they're contented to live long,
Their Health comes from thy hand, their Pleasure from thy Song.*

Al. P. Mercator Edinburgensis.

(1)

To his Highness,

T H E

PRINCE of ORANGE.

*The Humble Address and Supplication of
the Portioners and Inhabitants of the Fa-
mous Town of Lintoun, Sub-metropoli-
tan of Tweddale.*

Prologue,

VICTORIOUS SIR Still Faithful to thy Word,
Who Conquers more, by Kynndness, than by Sword.

*As thy Ancestors brave, with matchless Vigor,
Made HOGEN MOGEN make so great a Figure :*

*So thou that Art, Great-Britain's only Moses,
To guard our Marshal Thistle, with the Roses ;*

*The Discords of the Harp, in Tune to bring,
And Crub the Pride of Lillies in the Spring,*

A

Per-

*Permit, Great Sir, poor Us among the Press,
In humble Terms, to make this blunt Address,
In Lintoun Verse, for as your HIGHNESS knows,
You have good Store of Non-sense, else in Prose.*

SIR first of all, that it may Please,
Your *HIGHNESS* to give us an Ease,
Of our Oppressions, more or Less,
Especially that Knave the CESS;
And *Poverty* for *Pity* cries,
To Modesty our dear EXCYSE.
If you'll not trust Us when We say it,
Faith Sir We are not able to pay it,
Which makes Us Sigh when We should Sleep,
And Fast when We should go to Meat:
Yea, scarce can get it for to Borrow,
Yet Drink We must, to stocken Sorrow;
For this our Grief, Sir, makes Us now,
Sleep seldom found, till We be Fow.
Sir, let no needless Forces stand,
To Plague this Poor, but Valiant LAND;
And let no Rhetorick procure,
Pensions, but only to the Poor.
That Spend-thrift Courtiers get no Share,
To make the *King's Exchequer* bare.

Then

Then Valient Sir, We beg at large,
 You will free Quarters quite Discharge :
 We live upon the KING's High-Street,
 And scarce a Day we miss some Cheat ;
 For Horse and Foot as they come by,
 Sir, be they Hungry, Cold or Dry,
 They Eat and Drink, and burn our Peits,
 With fiend a farthing in their Breiks ;
 Destroy our Hay, and Prefs our Horfe,
 Whyles break our Heads, and that is worfe.
 Consume baith Men and Horfes Meat,
 And make both Wives and Bairns to Greit,
 By what is said Your HIGHNESS may,
 Judge, if two *Stipends* We can Pay ;
 And therefore if you wish Us Weel,
 You must with all Speed Reconcile,
 Two Jangling Sons of the same Mother,
Elliot and *Hay* with one another ;
 Pardon Us Sir, for all your Wit,
 We fear that prove a kittle Putt ;
 Which though the wiser sort Condole,
 Our *Lintoun* Wives still blaw the Coal,
 And Women here as weel we ken,
 Would have Us all *John Thomson's Men* :
 Sir, it was said e're we was Born,
 Who blawes best bears away the Horn :

So he that lives and Preacheth best,
Should winn the Pulpit from the rest.

The next *Petition* that we make,
Is that for brave Earl *Teviot's Sake*,
Who had greatkindness for this place,
You'l move the Duke our Masters Grace,
To put a Clock upon our Steeple,
To shew the Hours to Country People ;
For we that live within this Town,
Our Sight grows Dim, by Sun go Down.
And charge him Sir, our Street to mend,
And Causey it from End to End,
Pay but the Work-men for their Pains,
And We shall joyntly lead the Stanes :
In Case your HIGHNESS put him to it,
The Mercat Customs well may do it ;
For of himself he is not Rash,
Because he wants the ready Cash:
For if your HIGHNESS for some Reasons,
Should Honour *Lintoun* with your Presence,
Your Milk white Palfrey would turn Brown,
E're ye rid half out through our Town ;
And that would put upon our Name,
A Blot of everlasting Shame,
Who are reputed honest Fellows,
And Stout as ever *WILLIAM WALLACE*.

Laft.

Lastly, Great Sir, Discharge Us all,
 To go to Court without a Call;
 Discharge *Laird Jack* and *Hog-yards*,
James Giffart and the *Lintoun Lairds*,
 Old *William Younger*, *Geordie Purdie*,
James Douglass, *Scroggs* and little *Swordie*;
 And *English Andrew*, who hath *Skill*,
 To *Knap* at every Word so well:
 Let *Kingside* stay, for the *Tounhead*,
 Till that *Old Peevish Wife* be *Dead*;
 And that they go on no pretence,
 To put this Place to great *Expen*ce:
 Nor yet shall *Contribute* a *Share*,
 To any who are going there,
 To stryve to be the greatest *Minion*,
 And plead for this, or that *Opinion*,
 If we have any thing to *Spare*.
 Poor *Widows*, they should be our *Care*,
 The *Fatherless*, the *Blind*, the *Lame*,
 Who *Starve*, yet for to *Beg*, think *Shame*:
 So farewell, Sir, here is no *Treason*:
 But *Wealth* of *Ryme*, and part of *Reason*;
 And for to save some needles *Cost*,
 We send this, our **ADDRESS** by *Post*.

Epi-

EPILOGUE,

THrice NOBLE ORANGE, *blessed be the Time,*
Such fair Fruit prospered, in Our Northeren Clyme,
Whose sweet and Cordial Juice, affoord Us Matter,
And Sauce, to make Our Capons eat the better :
Long may thou Thrive, and still thy Arm's Advance,
Till England send, an ORANGE unto France ;
Well Guarded throw proud Neptun's Waves, and then
What's Sweet to Us, may prove Sour Sauce to them ;
As England doth, So Caledonia Boasts,
She'll Fight with ORANGE, for the LORD OF HOSTS
And though the Tyrant, hath Unsheath'd his Sword,
Eye Fear him not, he never kept his Word.

Sic subscribitur

William Younger of Hog-Yards,
 In Name of all the Linton Lairds.

THE

*The T R A G E D Y of the Duke de Al-
va, alias Gray-baird; being the Complaint
of the Brandy-bottle, lost by a Poor Car-
ryer, having fallen from the Handle and
found again by a Company of the Presby-
try of Peebles near to Kinkaidilaw, as
they returned from Glasgou, immediatly
after they had taken the T E S T,*

T fell upon the Moneth of November,

A fatal Fall, my Body did Dismember ;

Many shall tell the Tale, that never saw,

The Brandy-Bottle of Kinkaidylaw,

Where Groaning on the Ground, I chanc'd to spy,

Two Men in black, devoutly passing by :

So when my feeble Voice, their Ears could reach,

Our ancient Gray-beard, thus began to Preach,

O Sones of Levi ! Messengers of GRACE,

Have some regard, to my Old Reverend Face,

My

My broken Shoulder, and my wrinkled Brow,
 Pleads fast for Pity, and Supply from You :
 Help, *Godly Sirs*, and if it be your Will,
 Convoy me safely, Home to *Bigger-Mill*,
 Where Wandring to the Widow, I was Lost,
 Alace, I fear ! the Carryer pay the Cost ;
 Poor Soul, if this Mischance should him betyde,
 He has no more in all the World besyde :
 They did not Relish, this Discourse of mine :
 But Vow'd the Poor, should be put out of Pine ;
 And brought me Prisoner, to *Kinkaidylaw*,
 Where more of that black Company I saw ;
 Fye Sirs, said I ! You have at *Glasgow* been,
 Swearing *Alledgeance* to your GOD and KING :
 So do not Supper-add, so foul a Deed,
 And take Poor *Gray-bards*, Blood upon your Head.
 This Cruelty, fore should you all Repent,
 Were he but here, whose Picture I Present ;
 And yet before we part, I'll so prevail,
 The best of you shall strive to kiss my Tail :
 This I was Taught, when *Gray-baird* was a Child,
 That pure *Religion*, and Undeild,
 Did cause the *Widows* Heart, to Sing for Joy,
 And fill'd their Bottles, you their Life Destroy ;
 At first they pittied my Cold Lifeless Skin,
 But when they found, a Cordial Heat within,

They quickly flock'd about and me furrounded,
 And cruelly into the Heart me Wounded;
 They cry'd *De Alva* never took the **TEST**,
 Therefore *Rank Papist* go into thy Rest,
 And brag of thy Right Honourable *Tomb*,
 When thou art buried in a *Testers Womb*:
 Right Blyth they were, and drunk to one another,
 And ay the Word went round, here's to you Brother.
 I love thy Blood so well, says Master *Bo*,
 Thy Bones to *Tweed*, shall in **PROCESSION** go.
 At last, the Hostess of the House comes in,
 Finding the Brethren, in a Merry Pin,
 She tells them, that a Carrier Poor had lost,
 That *Brandy-bottle*, whereof they did Boast,
 And for a sure unquestionable Token,
 Look with your Eyes, see where the Handl's broken:
 So Grave and Reverend Sirs, be but so handsome,
 As take a double Gill, for *Gray-baird's* Ransome;
 At which their *Godly Wisdoms*, were Confounded,
 For they had no *Intention* to Refound it,
 Till one stood up, in Name of all the *Rest*,
 And Vow'd he bought it, when he took the *Test*:
 So be he *Rich or Poor*, the Bottle Lost,
Dooms-day shall come, before we pay the Cost:
 This Wife will Lodge none since, be it *Paul*, be it *Peter*,
 If once they Swear the **TEST**, for Fear they Cheat her.

Ye shall not find a Cluster of such *Clouns*,
 Search all the Squads of *Troupers* and *Dragoons* ;
 Survey the Land, try *Rakes* that Rant at *Cards*,
 Search *Mar*, and *Lithgow's* Regiments of *Guards*,
 Such *Spritty Liquor*, Cures Us of all *Sorrow*,
Courage, We'll take another *TEST* to *morrow*,
 And after all is done, We can *Recant*,
 And Swear to *TENDOR*, *TEST* or *COVENANT* :
 While we are here, We'll no *Sweet Comfort* Shun,
 There is no *Brandy*, in the World to come.

Post mortem nulla Voluptas.

A R E P L Y, To the *Scurvy Lines* of one Mr. Gool
 Minister of Kirkmichal, which he designed in Answer
 to the *Brandy-bottle* ; And in Justification of his
Brethren, the Murderers of Gray-beard.

INfamous *Scribler*, Natur's Fool and Shame,
 O Senseless *Satyre* ! Beast without a Name,
 Thou Scandal to *Devotion*, *Scurvy Priest*,
 Why made thou *Earnest* of a Merry *Feast* ?
 Base *Balladero*, had thou no *Remorse*,
 To turn poor *Gray-beard's Cause*, from Bad to *Worse* ;

I'll make thy *Slandring-Tongue* for ever smart,
 Though it run *Parallel* with thy false *Heart* ;
 And Cudgel thy dry *Carcase* into *Tears*,
 Were it not for the *Sacred-coat* thou bears.
 What Mortal can read *Manners Good* or *Grace*,
 In the dark *Lanthorn* of thy *Gipsie Face*,
 Thou nasty *Negro*, filthy reesty *Ram*,
 O Skin like that, of a *Westphalia Ham* !
Egyptian Mummy, out of Sight, begone,
 With thy foul *Corps* and *Stinking Skeleton*.
 A *Female Amorist*, that were in *Love*,
 At thy first *view*, would soon *abhortive* [prove ;
 If by *Misfortune*, she should chance to see,
 So foul a *Compend* of *Deformity*.
Officious Gool, where were thy *Saucy Brags*,
 When *Gulan* stript the from thy *Lousie Rags* ;
 And will thou *Verify* the general *Evil*,
 Let *Beggars Ryde*, they'l Gallop to the *Devil* :
 Did this look *Gospel like Gool* ? Dare Thou say it ?
 To drink a *Poor-Man's Brandy*, and not pay it ?
 Or was it seemly, for a Man that *Preaches*,
 To Steal away the *Bottle* in his *Breeches* ?
 Look that thy *Absence*, make the not *Dispair*,
 And Hang thy self, because thou mist thy *Share* ;
 Or sure it was, it put the in a *Rapture*,
 That thou forgot both *Prayers*, *Grace*, and *Chapter*.

Why doth this Fellow, thus his Folly vent,
 Doth Bo or he, our whole Church Represent,
 Though some of you, live far unlike your Station,
 Should this injure, your Brethrens Reputation?
 Amongst the Apostles, was there not a Cheat,
 And see we not the Tares grow with the Wheat?
 Do Hissing Snakes, Cloud the fair Glistening Morn:
 And grow not Naughty guilds among the Corn.
 Now by thy Answer, Pedant thou does Vaunt,
 That Spaniards wear Mustachios, but Beards Want.
 Peace, Peace fool Andrew, let that Thame alone,
 I've seen, five Hundred Spaniards to thy one;
 And yet I Swear, of all that Sun-burnt Crew,
 I saw not one, had thy Prodigious Hew;
 Turn o'er your Books, to end this needless War:
 And read but Strado on the Belgick War,
 Where you will see, De' Alwas Beard and Face,
 The Dutch drew on their Bottles in Disgrace.
 Clap to thy Stomack, this my Blistering Plaster,
 And Learn no more, to medle with thy Master;

* A Minister
 who took Gool's
 Part.

Which if thou do, the next it shall be Sharper,
 I fear not thee, far less. * Tam Souter Harper,
 Whom I could whip, but Credit me restrains
 Because the Fellow is not worth my Pains;

Now shew thy self great Caesar Man or nihil,
 O Gool thou Fool! Mock Preacher at Kirkmichal.

ADDRESS To His Majesty KING
GEORGE Upon His Arrival in
England, the Day of September
1714.

THrice GLORIOUS SIR, our Sovereign *Lord and King*,
Thy Presence doth, *glad News to Britain bring*;
At which Great MONARCH, of our *Seas and Isles*,
England Triumphs, and *Caledonia* Smiles;
Ireland for Joy, Her *Harp* doth string a new,
And all Rejoice : except a *Popish Crew*,
Who dare not stir, to run their former Race,
For fear that *Hydra* meet our *Hercules*.
Welcome then *Mighty Prince*, for to Inherit;
What's yours by *Law*, and much more yours by *Merit*.
Your Valiant Predecessors, did right soon,
Crush *Idol-worship*, and the *Pride of Rome*;
Caus'd all their *Superstitious* Rites begone,
And brought Us out, from *Sinful Babylon*,
Who brag their *Bloody Church* to be the best,
And bolt the Door of *Heaven* from all the rest.
You

Your Generous *Germans*, Sir, now *Mourn and Cry*,
 For that sad Day, on which Great *ANNE* did *Dye*,
 Their *Fainting Hearts*, cannot Revived be,
 Most *Gracious Prince*, since they took leave of Thee:
 No *Land* or *Country* in the whole *Creation*,
 Have more of *Candour*, then your *Noble-Nation*,
 Who blest be *GOD*, hath given Us such a *King*,
 As makes all *Europe*, with his *Praises Ring*:
 Nor is the *Steuarts* Blood extinct in thee,
 But Circles in thy *Vains*, both *frank* and *free*.
 The *Thames*, the *Rhyne*, the *Wesel* and the *Forth*,
 With all the *Currents* from the *South* to *North*,
 Now sweetly *Glide*, in *Concord* all *agree*,
 To pay the *Tribute* due, Great *King* to thee.
Lewis le grand, doth now *Peace Offerings* bring,
 No more *French Poets* him *Immortal Sing*:
 We fear no *Threatnings*, from the *Gallick Shore*,
Dunkirk and *Mardyke*, now must be no more.
 Get *Calvin*, but with *Luther* Reconcil'd,
 And Faith Great Sir, ye fairly winn the *Field*;
 And if you add more *Lustre* to your *Glory*,
 For *GOD's sake*, reconcile, the *Whig* and *Torie*.
Illustrious Sir, if you perform this Thing,
 Call it the *Master Peace* of *George's Reign*;
 The *Devil* of *Mammon* causeth all *Dissention*.
 And Court *Preferments*, kindleth much *Contention*.

Preserve the good, throw by the Naughty Seed,
 And then by *George*, the *Dragons* kill'd indeed.
 Then *Generous Sir*, give Us furth your *Opinion*,
 Where lyes our Profit by the late made *Union*,
 Since all our *Gelt* goes up to *London Town*,
 And ne'er a Farthing we see coming down.
 Now if in kindness, Sir, you will but *daigne*,
 To visit *SCOTLAND* with your *Noble Train*:
 It cannot be exprest by *Humane Arts*,
 What Joy it would, impart to *Scotish Hearts*,
 But if for Reasons, that can not be done,
 Send Us Dread Sir, the *Prince* your *Royal Son*;
 And then with him, We beg you will Restore,
 Our *Privy Council*, as we had before;
 Made up of Faithful, Wise and Honest Men,
 Who will our *Laws* and *Properties* maintain.
 Restrain *Great Sir*, *Appeals*, which throng so fast,
 Keep them in *Bounds* or else we cannot last.
 Lessen our *Taxes*, least they do Create,
Jealouship and *Grudge*, especially the *Malt*.
 Then, cause the *English*, give Us full *Content*,
 What We want of the *Equivalent*.
 Next for our *Fishing*, We thy *Aid Implore*,
 Bring Us *Wealth*, where We had none before.
 We might be said, but read our old *Address*,
 In *Lintoun*, which is new come from the *Press*.

Which

Which if you listen to upon the granting,
 Our Faithful *Service*, Sir, shall ne'r be wanting :
 Though *Warlyke William*, Sir, we must *confess*,
 Had not the Time to mind our first *Address*,
 Yet we expect somekinder Looks from you,
 Brave *Generous* GEORGE, our Valiant PRINCE *Adieu*.

Peter Many's *Obligation* given in to King-
 JAMES the 6th from an Old Ma-
 nuscript.

THOU *Gratious King*, baith true and kind,
 To *Poor* and *Rich* of *Ilk* Degree,
 To every Vertue well inclyn'd,
 But chiefly given to *Charity*.
 By this Complaint, which here you see,
 Your *Majesty* may Understand,
 My *Wifes* come *Post* with *Poverty*,
 And newly lighted in this Land,
 She Flytes so fast, since she came hither,
 That I would wish her Dead or Dumb,

Yet if we had some Gear together,

I would not care for that a Crum.

Ilk Nobleman has Height us some,

To help us to our Household Gear,

That is the Cause which gars me come,

To get your happy Handfel here.

I grant I had your Help before,

Which did me good in great *Distress*,

But now O *King*, I would have more,

Because I have great *Business*.

What mifters me for to exprefs,

My present *Poverty* or *Wrack*,

Even Sir, gar give us more or less,

Some *Portion* to begin our *Pack*.

Your *Highness* is right welcome here,

To all your honests S C O T S Ye ken,

But to my self your are most Dear,

And reckoned amongst your Men.

For I have serv'd you now and then,

With hearty *Prayers* *Even* and *Morrow*,

Now if your *Highness* likes to Lend,

I would have *Siller* for to Borrow.

As for the Sum it shall be certain,

To be well payed, though I be poor,

When *London* loup's o're to *Dumbarton*,

And *Caithnes* comes to *Killemure*.

When *Holland* is without a *Whore*,
 And not a *Papist* into *Spain*,
 That Day but doubt, I make you sure,
 Your *Siller* shall be pay'd again.
 When *Hounds* and *Hares* do well agree,
 When *Taylor*s in their Trade grow *Leel*,
 When *Lowmond Hills* loup in the *Sea*,
 And *Limmers* love the *Common Well*.
 When *Pearls* are spun, with *Rock* and *Reel*,
 And *Tradesmen* Travel for no *Gain*,
 And *Lordships* Sauld, but *Writ* or *Seal*,
 Your *Siller* shall be pay'd again.
 When *Lothian* lives but *Malt* or *Meal*,
 When *Peter's* Wife begins to mend,
 When *Websters* have no will to *Steal*,
 And *Wretches* have good will to Spend,
 When *Foxes* fear for to offend
 A *Goose*, a *Lamb*, or yet a *Hen*,
 Then either give you come or fend,
 Your *Siller* shall be pay'd again.
 When *French* and *Spaniards* well Agree,
 When *English* write the Truth of *Scots*,
 When *Paris* does to *Madrid* flee,
 And *Amsterdam* to *Dublin*, Trots.
 When *Diamon Rings* are sold for *Groats*,
 The *Ethiopian* no more *black*,

*Peter Many was
 the Authors
 Name.*

And

And Armys Fight but *Sword* and *Shots*,
Expect your *Money* to a *Plack*.

Your *HIGHNESS* may perceive indeed,

What Help I would have at your hands, •

Ye ken that it is meikle need,

That gars me bind me to such Bands.

Would ye have *Penalties* or *Paunds*?

Your worthy *Will* shall be obey'd,

Take fair *St. Giles* just as it stands,

For *Surety* till your Sum be pay'd.

Will ye not that *Security*.

I cannot help you worth a *Prin*,

Except ye send down to *Dundee*,

Within the bounds where I have been,

And take in *Pledge* my *Morter-Stane*,

I made it first when I was *Marry'd*,

Sir it will take a *Cart* it laen,

But all the laive is easy carry'd.

For in good sooth I am as bair,

As I have been these many Years,

The World is now become so fair,

There's nothing had for *Fools* nor *Friars*,

And yet the Broufter Wives ay speirs,

If I have Siller for to send them,

That gars me fyle my Face with Tears,

Could be their *Cast*; that e'er I kend them!

*A PANEGYRIK upon the Royal
Army in SCOTLAND, and parti-
cularly upon the Troops of Tweddal and
Forrest, Gentlemen conveened by Royal
Authority, May 1785, under Command
of the Laird of Drumellier, to Suppress
what was then called Rebellion.*

THE Merry Month of May, was in her Pryde,
And Loyalty seem'd SCOTLANDS Lovely Bryde
When Bold Argyle, that Lofty little Man,
Through Neptun's Regions, with Arm'd Squadrons came
Swift Tyranny to stop, and with intent,
Usurping Powers, and Popery to prevent:
This he did judge his Duty, not his Cryme,
Yet was it call'd high Treason at the Time.
Fye cry'd the Courtiers, when did we see ever,
Religion and Rebellion lodge together;
And does Argyle with that despised Crew,
Think with himself, all SCOTLAND to Subdue.

The Royal *Trumpets* found, the *Drums* do beat,
 And Troops march through the Country soon and late;
 The *Gentry* rise in *Arms*, in splended manner,
 And thrust in throngs to brave *Bellonas* Banner,
 Crying Mount, March, Charge, and spure up your Avers,
 And fight like *Scotsmen*, under Valiant *Clavers*,
Dumbarton brave, commands our standing Forces,
 That stout and gallant Train of Foot and Horses,
 Assist me *Muse*, their Worth for to rehearse,
 Not in Course trivial *Ryme*, but lofty *Verse*.
 Which I can never do, should I begin,
 While *Lachesis* has any *Tearn* to spin.
 All of them proof 'gainst desperat Alarms,
 Train'd up by old *Dalyel* in feats of Arms ;
 That daring Veteran blade, yet meek when he,
 Is in cold Blood, and from all Passion free.
 Survey this little Army, and you shall,
 Judge every Officer a General ;
 And scarce a private Souldier you shall see,
 But else where, might a great Commander be.
 What equal Number in the World could Rout,
 The *Douglas* Royal Regiment of Foot ;
 And those Commanded by the Earl of *Mar*,
 Are Sons of *Mars*, swift Thunderbolts of *War*,
 As for our Martial *Troopers*, and *Dragouns*;
 Their *Brav'rys* well approven by cracked Crowns;

And

And for our Lusty hectoring *Granadeers*,
 The Devil he dare not fight them for his Ears.
Drummellear chosen was for heart and hand,
 The Loyal *Tweddale* blades for to Command,
 As is his due, we rank him first in place,
 For his rare Charms of Body Mind and Face.
 Young *Stenhop* our Lieutenant, bravely can,
 Approve himself a stout and Prudent Man,
Whitsleid our *Cornet* looks like much Discretion,
 And Values as his Life his *Reputation*.
 Our *Quarter-Master* has a Gentle-mein,
 He's diligent and to his Pith he's keen.
 What shall I say of our three Brigadeers,
 But that they are incapable of Fears,
 Of Strength prodigious, and of Looks so froward;
 That every Glour they give would fright a Coward.
 To view but *Hairhops* great Red Roman Nose,
 Would flee a *Rebell's* Heart, into his Hose.
 Strong are his Bones.: His Looks they are so big,
 That every Word he speaks would kill a *Whig*.
 * *He Rid upon a Kind Calins* with his Cutlugs, * next appears,
Culugged Horse. The second of our Warlike Brigadeers.
 His Arms like *Samsons*, and with every Leg
 That might a Rammer be, to great *Munsmeg*,
 Where can we find a Squire so Strong and Massie,
 As our old veteran soger Captain *Cassie*.

Who

Who dare break through, whole Troops without Remorse,
Like Fire and Sword, wer't not his *Pissing Horse* :
No Cure nor Comfort, want we in it's kind,
To give Content, to Body or to Mind ;
For Doctor *Penecuick* is our *Physician*,
And *Kickmilirie* Fidler's our *Musitian* :
The Doctors *Courage*, none I think dare doubt,
'Tis known he Sheds more *Blood* than all the Troop.
Slee *Spitlehaugh*, ne'er wants his Baudy Jest,
And *Cringilty*, looks just like *Back* and *Breast*.
Powemood fires brisk, but his Misfortun's so,
He hurts our *Friend*, and ah he shoots to low !
Cardronno, and the Commissar are well Hearted,
And like true Friends, and Brethren seldom parted.
With this designe, betyde them Life or Slaughter,
To Match *Cardronno's* Son, with *Robin's* Daughter.
Cairnmuir kept still his Bed, he was so wise
Till either *Dirt* or *Hunger* made him rise. * *David Plen-*
derleith.
When careful * Captain *Blyth* Commands the Watch,
None with more Courage, Mettal or Dispatch,
Cryes stand, whose there? For I'm a Man of War,
So tell me whence you come, and what you are,
Or by my Parchment, Scrolls and Bonds I swear,
I'll post this Bullet through thy Body clear.
He was a Souldier, regular and Sober,
And so continued till the *Camp* was over.

For full two Months and more, yet was so wise,

William Russel
now Minister of
Stob).

His Speech was never laid, but once or twice,

Young *Kingseat*, was a *Tory Trooper* then,
Now *Stobo Stipend* makes him *Whig* again.

So frequently we see from *Cloak* to *Goun*,

Prelat and *Presbyter* turn upside down.

Our Brethren of the *Forrest*, these brave Boyes,

Copartners of our *Dangers* and our *Joyes* ;

There's some I swear, of that brave generous Band,

Deserves a whole Battalion to Command :

Couragious *Sintoun*, in his Front he bears,

That neither Man nor Womens Flesh he fears.

And *Gilminscleugh* for Strength, may bear the Crown,

Who wrestled with a Horse, and threw him down ;

And yet to tell the Truth, and never wrong them,

There's some Bold Rambling *Shechemites* among them ;

Who now and then, dare to Transgress their *Orders*,

And run the Round alongst the *English* Borders.

Searching from Hill to Hole, Phanatick *Lasses*,

And press Production of Prohibit *Passes*.

We neither want our *Fighters* nor our *Flyters*,

Wrights, *Merchants*, *Dryvers*, *Commissars* nor *Writers*..

Surgeons, nor *Farriers*, *Gardiners*, *Smiths* nor *Cooks*,

Few *Bibles*, Ah ! but store of Baudy Books ;

Rocheſter's Poems, *Spitlehaugh* did Read,

With more Delight, then e'er he did his *Creed*.

We

We had a *Taylor* to or two among Us,
 To cause a Plague of *Fleas* and *Lice* upon Us;
 We had indeed a Lazie Life and Idle,
 Which made *Drumellear* read so much the Bible:
 Many one Vow'd it did consist with Reason,
 That *Hayston* should be Punished for *Treason*;
 Who at the Hour of Midnight to our Cost,
 Raised a *Fray* into the Royal Host;
 And Loudly Echoed, thus through all our Bounds,
 Fye Sirs, to *Horse* and *Armes*, The Trumpet Sounds:
 Some starting from their Sleep, were sore Afrighted,
 Others had both their Sense and Eyes Benighted:
 Some *Muirland* Men, they say were scumming Kirns,
 And some were toasting Bannocks at the Birns;
 Some on the Grass lay muffled in their Cloaks,
 And some were tooming their Tobacco Box.
 Some Curs'd, some Fidge'd for Fear, and some did worse
 Others for hast mounted their Neighbour's Horse.
 Some in their Boots, were Slumbring, some their Hose,
 For none were troubled to put on their Cloaths:
 Some raise in Hast from Stools, and some from Chairs,
 Not one often were raised from cheir Prayers:
 This Man with that, in great Confusion meets,
 For no Man tarried to spread up his Sheets,
 And so amaz'd, with doubting Fear and Care,
 Unto the Captains *Standard* all Repair,

D

Where

Where not a Horse was there, but could he spoke,
 He would have Curfed *Hayston* for this Mock :
 Some did alledge his little *Brain* was cracked,
 Some call'd him *Hypocondriak*, some *Distracted*;
 Others that were a little more Discreet,
 Call'd it a wandring Fancy through his Sleep :
 The Doctor thought the Reason of these *Bees*,
 Were *Vapors* of *Sour-milk* and *Mustie-cheese*,
 Which then into our *Camp* were Soveraig Fare,
 All better *Entertainment* being so rare.
 But now twice Twenty Days had quite expir'd,
 When some had Hectick Purfes some were Tyr'd,
 Some feard *Argile* might Rob them of their Lives,
 And some thought wonderous long to kiss their Wives :
 Our Noble Captain to prevent these Fears,
 And Crub the Insolence of Mutineers,
 Drawes up his Troop of *Heroes* in a Plain,
 And thus he speaks his Mind in Martial Strain ;
Souldiers and *Gentlemen*, this I must tell you,
 Before *Argyle* and his *Fanaticks* fell you,
 Stand to your *Standard*, keep your *Reputation*,
 And mind the Honour of your *Shire* and Nation,
 We fight for no Fantastical *Perfwasion* :
 We *Arm* against Unnatural *Invasion* ;
 We fight the *Bloody Authors* of our *Evils*,
 Who speak like *Saints*, but counter act like *Devils* :

So if you *Flie*, I'll mark you to your Cost,
 Shameful *Deserters* of the Royal Host;
 Which our Renoun'd *Ancestors* with good Reason,
 By Law have ever Punished as *Treason*.
 Then *Kaillie* clawes his Shoulders, *Swears* and *Damns*;
 Must I not clip my *Sheep* and spane my *Lambs*,
 I'll turn my Tail on *Friday* without faillie,
 In spite of all the Troop or Devil Damn *Kaillie*;
 And yet for all this *Heat*, and *firie farie*,
 Good honest *Kaillie* to the last did tary.
 When Frank miss *John* came first into the *Camp*,
 With his Fierce *Flaming Sword*, none was so *Ramp*,
 He look'd like *Mars*, and vow'd that he would stand;
 So long's there was a *Rebel* in the Land.
 He *Rym'd*, he *Sung*, he *Jocund* was and *Frolick*,
 Till *Enoch Park*, gavemaster *John* the *Collick*.
 And so of all the Troop there was not one,
 That turn'd his Tail so soon as Frank Miss *John*.
 He was *Tent-Reader* of our *Service-Book*,
 And *Poet* to with help of *Pennecuik*:
 He was our *Writer*, *Advocat* and *Clark*,
 Till *Ettrick Fear*, and that of *Enoch Park*,
 Quite turn'd his *Tune* with the Poor *English-Frier*,
 To *Ryme De Planctu cudo* in the *Rear*.
 Now let us all with *Concord* Pray and Sing,
 G O D's Name be prais'd, and L O R D reform our *King*.

PERTHS PENITENTIALS, or
the Chancellor of Scotland's Farewel.

Farewel my dearest *Sovereigne*, for thy sake,
 I run down headlong to the *Stygian-Lake*,
 For both with Soul and Body in my Station,
 I serv'd the, even to *Super-erogation*.

Oh *Horror* ! have I done that dreadfull thing,
Apostatiz'd from G O D, to please my *King* :
 All Joys, dread Sir, I leave and loss for you,
Means, Friends, sweet Freedom and *Salvation* too.

Charon have o're, they Berge shall Ferry me,
 Where I shall never more *Eleusum* see.

Melfort Embark, my thrice Unhappy-Brother,
Levi must Row, and *Simeon* steer the *Ruther*.

O *Jesuits* ! you Enemies to *Jesus*,

Try now if your *Black-policy* can save us.

You that have brought to Ruin all you can,
 A Glorious *Monarch* and a gallant Man.

Our ancient *King* Renoun'd for *Power* and *Strength*,
 By your Soul Murdering Conduct brought this length,
 O let me never more your Order see,

For where they are, sure there the Devil must be.

The CITY and COUNTRY Mouse
A Translation out of Horace.

A *Country Mouse* upon a Winters Day,
 Met with a *City Mouse*, Right smooth and Gay,
 And being old Friends, the *Country Mouse* would have,
 The other to his Homely Fare and Cave.

The first he was a Sober saving Beast,
 Yet on occasions could bestow a Feast.

What need we more, he gave him wealth of *Pease*,
 Scrapes of *Fat Bacon*, *Barley*, *Oats* and *Cheese* ;

Hoping by these to please the Gorgeous Taft,
 Of this his Proud and Liquorice Lipped Guest,

While he amongst the Chaff himself doth stretch,

And does on *Darnel* feed, or smallest Vetch,

The richer Grain he to his Friend resign'd,

Since for to please him he bent all his Mind ;

At length the *City Mouse* thus told his Friend,

In this dull Life what Pleasure can you find.

Will you to Men, and Citys bid adieu,

And *Woods* and *Caves* thus fillily pursue.

Short

Short is our Life, no Relish can we have,
 Of Worldly Comforts when laid in our Grave.
 Then do not slip the Tide: These Words did rouse,
 From his low *Cell* the homly *Country Mouse*,
 Who in a Hast gets up, and quickly rose,
 Up from his Bed, and with the other goes;
 The Moon was shining, bright, when first they spy'd
 The Neighbouring *City* and its Walls descry'd.
 When straight the *City* led the *Country Mouse*,
 Unto a Wealthy Citizens fair House.
 Where *Silken-Curtains* deckt the *Ivory-Bed*,
 Finely embost, and Rich with *Gold* enlay'd
 Baskets well fill'd with Meat were to be seen,
 For there had lately a brave Supper been.
 The *City-Mouse* then plac't his *Country-Guest*,
 One a Rich *Purple-Twilt* to grace his *Feast*,
 And with great Care presents a dainty Bitt,
 To the *Field-Mouse*, but first did taste of it.
 The Guest thus gluttet with delicious *Fare*,
 Puts on a Cheerful and oblidging Air,
 Did blest the *Stars* which made him change his *Lot*,
 For now his former Meanness he forgot,
 When suddenly the Doors with Shreeking Noise,
 Alarm'd our Guests, and made them quickly rise,
 Each run a feveral way, how Pale they grew,
 When throw the *Hall* the horred Noise it flew,

Of wyde-Mouth'd *Hounds*, which quickly fill'd the Air,
And cast our *Mise* into a deep Despair.

Then said the *Country-Mouse*, my Friend farewell,

This Life of yours doth frighten me like *Hell* :

Welcome *Sobriety* my chief Delight,

With *Woods* and *Groves* where dwells Eternal Night.

*The Expostulation of a fair Lady, with her
Gallant, he being till that Time ignorant
of her Love.*

A Song to the old Tune of bony *Dundee*.

Amorella.

I That was once a Day Courted by many,
A'm now most Scornfully slighted by thee,
Others some Reason had, thou ne'er hadst any
Rancourtring my *Disdain*, thus for to flee.
Slave to *Affection*, and thy sweet *Completion*,
Too much I've been, but no more I'll be,
O rash *Election*, that walks at *Direction*,
Of a weak *Feminine Amorous Eye*!

Celander. Fair *Maid* thy *Modesty* has been to *Rigid*,
 For to make such *Mistakes* 'twixt me and thee,
 Although by *Nature* our *Sex* be oblidged,
 To the first *Onset* when *Objects* we see ;
 Yet thy *Supcrative Virtue*, *Birth*, *Beauty*,
 Did in such a manner surpass my *Degree*,
 That with a sad Heart I thought it my *Duty*,
 Far from such fruitless *Presumption* to flie.

Amorella. Did not my *Countenance* plead me a *Lover*,
 When *Fortune* blest me with thy *Company*,
 Did not my *Blushes* a *Passion* discover,
 Ev'n in thy *Absence* when mentioning thee.
 Have not I been to my *Modesty*, *Traitor*,
 What greater *Symptoms* of *Love* can their be ?
 Be no more then an insensible *Creature*,
 But fairly venture and welcome to me.

Celander Through *Airy Regions* to flie I dare venture,
Cupid will lend me *Wings* to follow thee,
 Or with some *Pilgrim* I'll round the *Earth's Center*,
 Yea with *Leander* I'll hazard the *Sea*.
 Silent *Loves* Scroching *Flames* long I've endured,
 What greater *Torments* then these can there be.
 All these I'll suffer, and more when assured;
 Dearest Soul that my *Love's* welcome to thee.

Amorella Celandar, blest be the Time when I saw the,
 Angling so Pleasantly by the Brook side,
 There Wanton *Cupid* with *Silk-Cords* did draw me,
 To with *Amorella* once Slept by my side :
 Toolong Alace! my *Love* I concealed,
Modesty shut up my *Fires* in my *Breast*,
 Now they burst out and must be Revealed,
Celanders my *Comfort*, *Joy*, and my *Feast*.

The Mock Marriage of Cantswals. James Forsyth Gardiner, having got Meggie Stothart with Bairn in Linton-Parish, they make an Appointment to Marrie at Newland-Kirk, and the Neighbour Gentry being Conveened, the Bride in the Church, Dinner in all readiness, they are Interrupted by the Minister of Linton Mr. Hay.

FY E Mr. *William*, fye for shame,
 Eternally thou'lt bear the Blame,
 I'm sure thy Looks more love Discovers,
 Then thus to part two longing Lovers,

E

For

Celander. Fair *Maid* thy *Modesty* has been to *Rigid*,
 For to make such *Mistakes* 'twixt me and thee,
 Although by *Nature* our *Sex* be oblig'd,
 To the first *Onset* when *Objects* we see;
 Yet thy *Superlative Virtue*, *Birth*, *Beauty*,
 Did in such a manner surpass my *Degree*,
 That with a sad Heart I thought it my *Duty*,
 Far from such fruitless *Presumption* to flee.

* *Amorella.* Did not my *Countenance* plead me a *Lover*,
 When *Fortune* blest me with thy *Company*,
 Did not my *Blushes* a *Passion* discover,
 Ev'n in thy *Absence* when mentioning thee.
 Have not I been to my *Modesty*, *Traitor*,
 What greater *Symptoms* of *Love* can there be?
 Be no more then an insensible *Creature*,
 But fairly venture and welcome to me.

Celander Through *Airy Regions* to flee I dare venture,
Cupid will lend me *Wings* to follow thee,
 Or with some *Pilgrim* I'll round the *Earth's Center*,
 Yea with *Leander* I'll hazard the *Sea*.
 Silent *Loves* *Scorching* *Flames* long I've endured,
 What greater *Torments* then these can there be.
 All these I'll suffer, and more when assured;
 Dearest Soul that my *Love's* welcome to thee.

Amorella *Celander*, blest be the Time when I saw the,
 Angling so Pleasantly by the Brook side,
 There Wanton *Cupid* with *Silk-Cords* did draw me,
 To with *Amorella* once Slept by my side :
 Toolong Alace! my *Love* I concealed,
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 Eternally thou'lt bear the Blame,
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 Then thus to part two longing Lovers,

E

For

For *Maggie* came right Brisk and Blyth,
 To joyn her *Gear* with *James Forsyth*.
 Two Limbs she had without Compare,
 But what they bore was far more fair ;
 A comely Body and Face,
 Would make a *Domine* stick the *Grace*.
 The *Gard'ner* like an Active blade,
 Lent her a Tryal of his Spade ;
 Which made these Couple sweetly 'gree,
 That *James* should Labour *Meggies* Lee ;
 He fell to Work like a brisk fellow,
 And soon made *Meggies* Garden Mellow ;
 Dear *James* quoth she, the Flesh is frail,
 I ken you now both Tap and T--l
 So if you love me do not tarry,
 But hasten to the Kirk and Marry.
 The Day's but short, the Pleasure sweet,
 Let's say the Grace and fall to Meat ;
 This Sinful course must be forsaken,
 For many a graceless Mail we've taken,
 So Dearest, least fresh warm Temptation,
 Make us relaps in Fornication.
 Invite your Friends, put all in Order,
 Get *Peter's Pass* then cross my Border.
 But ah ! the very Hour designed,
 That Lovely Pare were counter-mined.

The Meat was Dreft, nothing neglected,
Blaw-wrang the Piper was expected :
 All thing were ordered as was fitting,
 The Bride into the Kirk was sitting,
 The Neighbour Gentry were well met,
 And at a covered Table fet,
 When suddenly there raise a Fray.
 By *Mar* the Marriage Mr. Hay,
 Who did oppose this Match with *Vigor*,
 Beyond all *Presbyterian* Rigor ;
 Fye Brother says he you'l be blam'd,
 To Marry Folk not thrice Proclaim'd ;
 And it does not become your Station,
 To medle with my Congregation :
 My Hand dear Bride e're ye do that,
 Must be at your *Testificat*.
 Sweet Sir, quoth she, You'l break my Heart,
 If thus kind *James* and I should part ;
 And Ah ! for *Sorrow*, *Shame* and *Lack*,
 To come from Church unmarried back :
 Yet faith this Night if I have Life,
 I'l fare as well as your Young Wife ;
 And call to mind if this must be,
 Who Us deny'd the Remedy,
 I'l ask an *Instrument* upon it,
 So *James* take Leve and lift your Bonnet.

Thus clos'd our Trift, all was Miscarried,
And *Bonnie Maggies* still Unmarried.

A POEM on the UNION, *Rati-*
fied by both PARLIAMENTS.

THE Great Works done, by our Illustrious A N N E,
Which never yet could be perform'd by Man,
The Wonders wrought, and by a *Womantoo*,
Which all our Race of K I N G S could never do.
To Humble *France*, to Rule by *Sea* and *Land*,
Holland to save, and *Spain* for to Command:
Is truly great! but yet falls short in view,
Of the high Praises which to A N N E is due:
Who of two Nations brave, the *Spleen* and *Hate*,
So long *Entail'd*, and of an ancient Date,
Doth on a sudden into Kindness draw,
By Cords of *Love*, and not by Force or Awe.
H E A V E N S Harbinger of *Peace*, Great *Anne* you are,
And yet *Bellona's* Thunderbolt of W A R.
What *Nation* in the Universe dare then,
Fight, or but Face United *Brittish Men*.

The

The *Thames*, the *Tay*, the *Sever* and the *Forth*,
 With all the Currents from the South to North,
 Shall join with *bon accord*, and all agree,
Great-Britain, to pay *Tribute* unto thee.
 The Moneth of *May* did *Monarchy* restore,
 By C H A R L E S, when we in Bondage groand before.
 The U N I O N doth take place the first of *May*,
 Happy the Moneth, thrice happy be the Day :
 An U N I O N that to all doth Life impart,
 Let *Envy* burst her *Bowels* and break her *Heart*.

Vis Unitæ fortior,

Jam cuncti gens una sumus, sic sumus in ævum.

E P I T A P H Upon Sir George Lockhart of Carn-
 wath, President of the Session, who was basely Mur-
 dered by Cheisly of Dalray, at the sitting down of
 the Convention Anno 1689.

S O Falls our *Glory* with one Fatal Blow,
 Gone is that Head which did us Justice show.
 That Tongue from which such well Tun'd words did come,
 And Charmed us all, is now for ever Dumb.

Which

Which with such evenness, *Justice* did Dispence,
 As Universal Judge of *Wit* and *Sense*,
 His Pointed *Wit*, did in Us Hopes create,
 To see our *Church* heal'd and our Totring *State* :
 This Stroak doth make them vanish into Air,
 Leaves Us behind to Languish in Dispair.
 So when a Boistrous Wave doth Overwhelm,
 The Skilful Pilot that should guide the Helm,
 And yet th' Inraged Ocean still doth Roar,
 The *Passangers* must doubt to reach the Shore.
 Oh *Heavens* ! By such a horrid *Murder* must,
 So brave a Man be mixt with common *Dust*.
 Monster, what *Tyger* would thy length have gone ?
Ravilak, *Clement*, *Gerard* are out done.
 Fatal it seems in Pleading to Excel,
 Just so *Romes* Pride and Glory *Tully* fell.

IN LATIN.

Abstulit una dies avi decus, istaque Luctu,
Conticuit nostræ subito facundia Linguae,
Namque fuit vindex Patria, legumque vogaque,
Unica sollicitis semper tutela salusque,
Cumque hujusgenio Scotia indigeret amico,
Publica vox sævis Aeternum obmutuit Armis.



To J. W. *The Ingenious Translator of*
L' Ecoffe Francois, &c.

DEAR Friend I cannot Praise thee as I ought.

For all my Words are swallowed up in Thought,

Thy Massie Thoughts a just proportion keep,

Thy Words flow easie, and thy Sense runs deep,

To the great Author mighty Thanks is due.

Ages to come when they this Work do vieu,

Will Celebrate his Praise, and the Translators too.

This Work doth *Caledonias* Fame revive,

She doth by these immortal Pages live.

TO



*To his Mistriss who he was Jealous had
Slighted him.*

M A D A M,

I've seen, but Ah! these happy Hours are fled,
When you was Charm'd, with every thing I said,
Prais'd my Perfections to a high Degree,
Vow'd you lov'd only one, and that was me,
Ah Lovely *Nymph*! can you so Faithless prove,
To Slight the *Swain* you did so dearly Love.
Yes, yes, 'tis true and I am in Dispair,
And must I die a *Martier* to the Fair,
Let all who love their Peace, of your false Sex have Care,
For every Smyle and every look's a Snare.

To

To his Mistress Translated,

M*Y Lisbia*, Let us *Love*, and let's dispise,
 The Idle Whimfies of the *Grave* and *Wife*,
 That Sun which Sets to Night, the morrow Morn,
 Shall full as Glorious and as bright return ;
 But we, if *Death* once snatch us from the Light,
 Are left for ever in *Eternal Night*.

My Dearest *Lesbia* let us then improve,
 Our little Time and give it all to *Love* ;
 Give me then *Charming Soul* whom I adore,
 A Thousand Kisses, give a Thousand more.
 Nay give another Thousand, and Compleat
 My Joys : Now give another Thousand yet.
 Give yet as many as you give before,
 Now give my Dear till we can count no more.
 That these who do envy my Happiness,
 May never know, how great, how vast it is.
 And all their little *Malice* still may be,
 Short of the mighty Joy I find in thee.

Indifferent Robin to Coy Meg his Mistriss

THough for a while I sorrow for thy fake,
 Yet shall I dye? No that's the Devil a straik.
 Once but refuse to ease me of my Pain,
 Cald be thy cast if e'er I come again.

*COPY of a Letter from Mr. W. Cl. Ad-
 vocat to D. P. the Author, May 1714.*

MOST noble Doctor, glory of our Time,
 Parnassus Prince Protector of our Ryme,
 Receive this Compliment from honest Will,
 Who's just return'd from our kind Cowie's Mill,
 With Troops of Gipsies who molest our Plains,
 Raze Spitlehaugh most charming of our Swains.
 But now all's Calm, Serene as you may think,
 Since Will's turn'd Poet with Lady Effies Drink.

The ANSWER.

BRAVE Generous *Will*, I cannot well Rehearse,
 How Pleas'd I was to Read your lofty *Verse*,
 So Eloquent, that every Line did smell,
 Of *Tully* and the *Heliconian* Well.
 But while both *Wit* and *Fancy* you shew forth,
 The Praise you give me fare exceeds my Worth :
 Oh ! how unequal is the Match indeed,
 Betwixt your Young, and my Old *Hoary-head*.
 Your Blood is Warm, your Fancies on the Stage,
 This is your Spring, but Winter of my Age.
 My *Muse* cools like my Blood, and still grows Worse.
 Your's Tours aloft, like the *Pegasean* Horse.
 Kind and Stout *Patriots* you are I vow,
 With your brave Club to catch the *Gipsie* Crew,
 Your Names should be engraven on *Marble* Stones,
 For clearing *Tweeddale* of these *Vagabonds*.
 Had *Cowie* not been known, I do protest.
 Kind *Jonas* had been Captive with the rest.
 And sent to Prison, if we should allow,
 All to be Rogues that have the *Gipsie* Hew.
 Yet if I live, expect a better Tale.
 When we met blyth at Lady *Effies* Ale.

Statius the Heathen.

*N*ULLA des Effigies nullo cummissa metallo,
forma dei : mentes habitare et Pectora gaudet.

Thus Translated,

*G*OD hath no Shape ; no Art nor Instrument,
G O D's Image can in Mettle Represent,
 In Good-Mens Minds and Hearts alone doth he,
 Delight to Dwell, and there Engraven be.

*A*UXILIUM Medicina negat : Natura dolori,
Cedit, et amisso robore Victa jacet,
Non me Philliridæ profunt, non Phasidos herba,
Solvere ; nec Coi provida cura senis,
Non mihi Circeum carmen, non Pæonis Artes,
Non Pariet Delos, nec Epidaurns opem, &c.

Thus Translated.

*P*HYSICK denyes me Help, *Nature* must yeild,
Strength now Succumbs and *Weakness* wins the Field.
Hippocrates I do Consult in vain,
 Nor can *Apollo* ease me of my Pain.

Me

Medeas Herbs and Art are here unsure,
 And *Circes* Charms cannot performe my Cure.
Pæon's Prescriptions fail in this my Grief,
 And *Æsculapius* can give me no Releif.



A PARAPHRASE *upon the se-* *venth Chapter of Solomon's Proverbs.*

Verse 1st. **M**Y Son preserve my Laws; keep still in mind
 Thy Fathers Dictats, so thou Life shall find,

V. 2. Let every Word and all my Laws to thee,
 Be precious, as the Aple of thine Eye.

V. 3. Make them thy dayly Work and hourly Care,
 And get them all by Heart and fix them there,
 Count Wisdom as thy Bless and all thy Joy,
 Wisdom whose sweet Possession cannot cloy,
 Call her thy Sister, and call Understanding
 Thy Dearest Friend, to get a happy Landing,
 These if thou keep with due respect and Care,
 They'll free thee from the flattering Lips and Snare,
 Of the strange *Woman* who spreads down with Art,
 Her Net to catch thy weak ill guarded Heart.

v. 6th. I through the Casement of my Window saw,
 Amongst th' Croud a simple Youth and raw,

Both

Both void of Knowledge, and as void of Care,
 Rambling the Streets to seek the sinful Snare;
 At length the *Harlot* and the House he spies,
 Lying in wait for her beloved Prize,
 The Sun was down, the Night was taking place,
 A proper Time to hid her Painted Face;
 And black designe, far blacker then the Night,
 For Vertue loves, but Vice still hates the Light.
 Her Dress was wanton, made for to train in,
 The silly Coxcombs to the fatal Gen.
 Her Tongue loud as a Bell, her wandring Feet,
 Do still Traverse and beat the Paved Street.
 With Shameless Face and Impudence enough,
 She claught and kifs'd the fool unwary Youth,
 And subtilly says pray' Sir enter in,
 For my rich Bed is nobly deckt within,
 To feast our Loves and I have lately pay'd,
 My Vowes to *Heaven* and am noway's dismay'd.
 I've made Peace Offerings for my guilt and Sin,
 I came to meet thee, so my Dear come in.
 Since we have pay'd to *Heaven* all that is due,
 Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too.
 The Night is silent and all things combine,
 To give Delight and make the only mine.
 My Bed (but when your there I'll call it thine.
 With *Egypt's* Stuff most Splendidly doth Shine.

With

With Gilded Workand Carved it's omboft,
 With *Tyrian Purple*, brought from thence with Cost.
 It's strew'd with Pleasures, nothing left undone,
 Perfum'd with *Aloes*, *Mirrh*, and *Cinamon* :
 So let us take our fill of *Love* my Dear,
 For w'ere alone and have no Dread or Fear,
 My Husband hath a far off Journey made,
 With Baggs of Money, drives a wealthy Trade.
 Silver and Credit he hath both in Store,
 He is not to return to me before
 The Time prefixt, O then let's quickly take,
 The blest occasion which we have at Stake :
 With Sugred Words and fair Deluding Tongue,
 She thus did Charm, and to her *Lure* him winn.
 Just like an Ox, who to the Slaughters led,
 Which for long Time is strongly Stall'd and Fed.
 Or like a Fool that to the Stocks is sent,
 To learn more Wisdom thence, and to Repent,
 The fatal Dart doth pass his Liver through,
 Yet the poor Youth his Danger doth not view :
 But like a Bird intangled in the Net,
 Doth not perceive that for his Life it's Set.
 Therefore young Wantons I beseech you all,
 To shun the *Harlots* House and Lustful Call.
 Decline her Paiths abhor her Whorish-Bed,
 Which doth to *Hell* and Desolation lead.

Many a *Sprightly* Youth of genteel Mein,
 By wanton *Women* Ruin'd have I seen ;
 And many a Strong and gallant Man at Arms,
 Have been bewitch'd by their too powerful Charms,
 O fly that sinful House where she doth dwell,
 For it's the very Avenue to Hell.
 It Leads into the Path of endless Wrath,
 And to the Chambers of eternal Death.



INSCRIPTION *to be put at the*
Foot of Jonas Hamilton of Colcoats
Picture drawn by ----,

PAINTER thou hast now, with good Grace,
 Drawn me *Coldcoats* Martial Face,
 And Manly Looks ; which do discover,
 Some thing likeways of the Lover,
 His *Roman* Nose and swarthy Hew,
 To all do testify and shew.
 To none alive that he will yeild,
 In *Venus* Camp or *Mars* his Field,
 For *Worcester* Fight and *Nanny Fell*,
 His Valient Deeds and Feats can Tell,

No less for *Bacchus* shall his Name,
Stand in the Register of Fame.

Save *Coldcoat*, none *Dalhousie* knew,
Who *Jonas* could at Drink subdue.

Brave *Nicolson* who's in his Grave,
Did from him many a Parley crave.

Drummond who's yet alive can tell,
How from them all he bore the Bell.

No *Epitaph* we need on Stone,
To mind this *Hero* when he's gone.

His Name and Fame shall surely stand,
While Session-Books there's in the Land.

A LETTER to Alexander Baillie of
Calens who had borrowed a Shearing
Hay Spade from the Author, but still de-
layed to return the same.

C*alens* I send you Ryme, send me Reason,
Why you keep up my Spade so long a Season?
What say you for your self Man? Fye for shame.
Should not a Lend come always Laughing Hame.
I sent my Boy, I did so little doubt it,

And yet the fillie Goose came back without it.
 Sir, to our Skaith it's kend, a shorter Time
 Might with great Ease shorn both your Hay and Mine.
 What was it *Calins* that made you so Croufs,
 Was you then Præses at the Noble House,
 When you with old *Nathaniel* and *Halmire*,
 Were keeping *Comittees* at *Sandies* Fire.
 It sets you well to labour in your Station,
 To raise up Souldiers for a *Reformation*.
 We ken the School that ye were trained in,
 An Arch *Malignant*, soare all your Kin.
 Now send me back my Spade or I'm a Knave,
 If that same Spade help not to Dig your Grave.



ELEGY upon the supposed Death of
 Jonas Hamiltoun of Coudcoat, at the
 desire of a Person of Quality.

K Y N D Cowie our Delight, our only one,
 The best of Commarads, is Dead and gone.
 Fye on the *Lachesis* that had not spun,
 His Threed of Life for Centuries to come.

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Young, the Old, and all,
 That e'er knew *Cowie*, do Lament his fall.
 His Converſe ſo to every Man Endear'd him,
 And *Women* for his Natural parts Admir'd him:
 He was Conſpicuous for a comely 'Grace,
 A Royal Noſe on a Moletto Face.
 Though in his Youth as Fame moſt loudly ſpeaks,
 Both *Lancaſter* and *York* ſhin'd in his Cheeks,
 Pure Red and white, but that the Sun of new,
 Dy'd Bonny *Jonas* of the *Gipſie* Hew.
 His Hair at Twenty were like Threeds of Gold,
 At Thirty black, like Snow when he grew old.
 Valient he was, at *Worceſter* Fight and Town,
 Where with much Bravery he threw ſeverals down,
 Who were not Slain, but pleaſed with his Pranks,
 Roſe up again, and gave kind *Cowie* thanks.
 O Nature reconcil him, if you can;
 A *Debauchie* and yet a Sober Man.
 Riches he ſcorn'd, yet knew not what was want;
 A Baudy *Sinner*, yet a Harmeleſs Saint.
Drink, *Swear*, and *Kiſs* he could, yea Pious be,
 And Proteus like Suit will all Company.
 His Doughty Deeds, no Tongue can better tell,
 Then *Thomſon*, *Braidfoot* and ſweet *Nanny Fell*.
 Who to her Praises this is not the leaſt,
 That *Cringilty* once ſuck her wanton Breſt.

No less for *Bachus*, shall kind *Colcoats* name,
 Be Mustered in the Registers of Fame.
 For all that brag'd him still the Battle lost,
 Ask *Hawthornd* and strong *Dalhousie's* Ghost.
 But all these rare Endowments and his Worth,
 The *Session-Book* of *Newlands* can set furth.

Where he was Ruling-Elder and with Vigor,
 * viz. The Stool of Repentance. Trac'd all the Steps of *Presbyterian* Rigor. *
Heaven hath him now, which he expected never.
 And to his *Patrons* bids Adieu for ever.



*On the Minister of Newland's bold Mastiff,
 called Turk, whom his Master in Passi-
 on slew with one stroak of his Foot.*

H O U L and Lament, ye *Newland* Tykes and Currs,
 Ye who for Lesser Matters make great Sturrs,
 Bark with a Hideous Noise and direful Moan,
Mr. Archbald For *Tories* Turk, your Captain's dead and gone
Tory was the The Trusty *Punler* of the *Newland* Pease,
Ministers name. Lyes Breathless, Ah, and none knew his Disease
 His Awful Looks the Traveller did Afright,
 The *Vagaboud* by Day, the *Theif* by Night.

With Vigilance and Care he kept the Store;
 And seldom wandred from his Masters Door.
 No *Beggar*, yea no *Laird* durst make their Entry,
 Without Leaveasked of this Valient Centry.
Hells Porter *Cerberus*, though Fierce and Cruel,
 Durst never face this *Hero* at a Duell.
 Now he is past both *Phisick Oyl* and *Plaister*,
 And Murdered lyes by his too Cruel *Master*.
 Who yet may vow and swear to his last Breath,
 He had no hand in his kind Mastiffs Death.



*Upon the Marriage of an old Crazie Presby-
 terian Divine with a brisk Young Virgin.*
 Epithalamium,

YOU mighty Monarchs, hencefurth cease to brag,
 Hath not old *Hamiltoun* his Abishag,
 Great *Alexander* that bright spark at Arm's,
 Was longer proof of fair *Statira's* Charms;
 And is it not a Scandal justly counted,
 To see old Cuff upon Young *Helen* mounded.
Helen is Brisk and Lovely, as she's Chast,
 Yet *Amoreus* Thoughts may Rob her of some Rest.

Though

Though this Bridgroom be call'd a Man of Sense,
 Will that give *Helen* due Benevolence.
 Though he's esteem'd both *Learned, Rich, and Good,*
 Will this Conjure the *Devil* of *Flesh* and *Blood*.
 Oh! No: For now such Miracles are ceast,
 Our *Church* believes against the *Popish Priest*.
 What Monstrous Weather will that Season render;
 When Florid *May* is matcht with Cold *December*.
 From such a *Wedlock*, Lord deliver me,
 If this be *Presbyterian Parity*.

*Inscription at Paisley upon the Tombston of
 Hamiltoun, Earl of Abercorn Lord Paisley.*

S C O T L A N D S Honour, *Englands* Wonder,
Irelands Terror, here lyes under.

E P I T A P H upon the Tomb-stone of Old Mr.
 Robert Eliot Minister of Lintoun at the desire of
 Young Mr. Robert his Son and Successor, Anno 1682.

S T A Y Passenger, Weep and retire,
 Thy Fatal Hour Approacheth near;
 Let *Eliot's* Cold Stone Monament,
 Teach Poor Frail Mortals to Repent.

Power-

Powerful he was, in Terms right Ample,
 To Preach by Precept and Example,
 No Man he Judged but himself,
 And scorn'd that Cutthroat *Worldly Pelf*.
 His Praise in one Line to insert,
 G O D's Book he had by Tongue and Heart,
 His Head was Learn'd, his Face was Gracious,
 His Heart was Honest, his Soul's now precious.

To which was Subjoyned.

*Ille tibi fient Monumenta perennia, quæ tu,
 Tradideras populo Pharmaca Sana tuo.*

*The Complaint of the Widow and Father-
 less, upon the Death of Old Mr. Patrick
 Purdie 54 Years Minister of the Church
 of Newlands.*

Arewel all Joy, ye Mournful Souls come near,
 And view what Doleful Spectacle is here.
 Ah! Aged Father *Purdie* now lyes Dead,
 The Poors plight Anchor in their Time of Need.

Four.

Fourscore and four Years must these Hands destroy,
 That caus'd the Widows Heart to Sing for Joy,
 G O D hath that Soul Translated now to *Heaven*,
 And all his Peccadilios here forgiven,
 Who to his Dying Day did never tire,
 To Feed and Lodge a *Lazarus* at his Fire.
 A Man Ingenuous far beyond the Fashion,
 Wholly Compos'd of *Pity* and *Compassion*:
 Afflicted *Newlands* Mourn for his Decease,
 Who still Liv'd with thee, in perpetual Peace,
 Gratis he Taught, which all Men much Admire,
 His Parish Poor, full four and Fourty Year.
Grammar to some, others to *Write* and *Read*,
 And warded many ablow from *Priscians* Head,
 Let all this be Ingraven upon his Hearse,
 Who Living was most Liberal of his Verse,
 So Friends farewell give every one his due,
 Write it who will, this *Epitaph* is true.

The E P I T A P H of Arthur Hamilton, *King Charles the*
firsts Master Wright, Composed by Mr. John Adamson *Pro-*
mar of the Colledge of Edinbutgh, At the desire of William
 Wallace, *Master Masson, Cutter of the Stone*.

H E R E lyes Interr'd under this Stone,
 Good Honest *Arthur Hamilton*;

A Man in his Life both *Just* and *Upright*,
 For Skill in his *Craft* the Kings Master Wright.
William Wallace the Kings Master Mason,
 Hew'd out this *Stone* in a goodly Fashion ;
Arthurs Heart was so kind, I'm sure if he wist,
 He would Wish to be Living, to make *William* a-Kist.

It is to be observed that there was a Mutual Engagement betwixt these two Gossips at a Glass of Wine, that the Survivor should give to him that should first Die, a cast of his Craft.

*Upon the Death of Alexander Pennecuik of Newhal
 sometime Chirurgeon to General Bannier in the Swe-
 dish Wars, and since Chirurgeon General to the Auxili-
 ary Scots Army in England.*

C O M E try your *Talents*, Mourn and bear a part,
 Ye *Candidats* of Lear'nd *Machaons* Art.
 For Death at length, hath shuffled from the Stage,
 The Oldest *Æsculapius* of our Age.
 A *Scotsman* true, a faithful Friend and sure,
 Who flattered not the *Rich*, nor Scourg'd the *Poor*.

H

Where

Where shall we go for Help ? Whom shall we Trust,
 Our *Scots Apollo's* humbled in the Dust.
 Many Poor Souls will Miss him in their Need,
 To whom his Hands gave Health, yea Cloaths and Bread.
 Thrice Thirty Years doth now these Hands Destroy,
 That Cur'd our *Maladies*, and caus'd our Joy,
 Five Mighty Kings from his Birth to his Grave,
 The *Caledonian Scepter* Swayed have.
 Four Times his Eyes hath seen from *Cloak* to *Gown*,
 • *Prelat* and *Presbyter* turn upside down.
 He lov'd his Native Country as himself,
 And ever scorn'd the Greed of *Worldly-Pelf*.
 From old *Forbeirs* much worth he did inherit,
 A Gentleman by Birth, and more by Merit.
 Nothing is here exprest but what is true,
 Farewel Old *Pennecnick*, Reader Adieu.



The Authors A N S W E R to his Brother J. Ps. many
Letters, Disswading him from staying longer in the Country,
And inviteing him to come and settle his Residence in
Edinburgh.

S O M E say I have both Genius and Time,
 To make Friends Merry with my Country Ryme,
 And

And raise the Strain of my Coy Modest Muse,
 From Course Spun Stookings and plain Dirty Shoes,
 And hear the Birds these sweet Companions Sing,
 To welcome home the Verdure of the Spring.
 While Herbalizing shaddy Groves and Mountains.
 I Quench my Thirst by Cristal Streams and Fountains.
 There Joyfully I sit me down and smell,
 The Floury Feilds, and Heliconian Well.
 I am no *Nimrod* to make it my Care,
 To see a Gray-Hound Slay a silly Hare.
 Tho I can follow that, when I have Leafure,
 For Exercise I swear more then for Pleasure.
 The Noble Horse that faves us oft from Death,
 I think bad Sport to run him out of Breath.
 When ther's no need it was not spoke in Jest,
 Merciful Men shew Mercy to their Beast.
 I love the Net, I please the Fishing Hook,
 In *Angling* by the pretty Murmuring Brook.
 To Curle on the Ice, does greatly please,
 Being a Manly *Scotish* Exercise;
 It Clears the Brains, stirrs up the Native Heat,
 And gives a gallant Appetite for Meat.
 In Winter now and then I Plant a Tree,
 Remarking what the Annual Growth may be;
 Order my Hedges, and Repair my Ditches,
 Which gives Delight, although not sudden Riches:

So when of these sweet Solitudes I tyre,
 We have our Tryfts and Meetings in the Shire,
 Where some few Hours the tedious Time to pass,
 We sit and quaf a Merry Moderat Glafs.
 Vifits we interchange with one another,
 In *Bonacord* like Sister and like Brother;
 Which makes our Harmlefs Meetings, ftill to be,
 A Bond and Cement of Society;
 And then in to my Garden, Book, or Study,
 Far from the Court my Friend, far from the Woody,
 While ye enjoy falfe Pleasures in their Pryme,
 Both Gorgeusdyet, and Brisk Clairet Wine,
 Fine Cloaths, Rich Furniture and Gainful Places,
 Coaches and Chairs to hide your Crimson Faces:
 Bewitching Mufick, Conforts and Clareens,
 Of Trumpets, Hoboyes, Flutes and Violins,
 Variety of Converfe, News from far,
 Of *Denmark*, *Pole*, and the *Hungarian* War,
 And yet for all that Splendid fhew you be,
 But Paranymps of Vice and Luxury,
 For though you Scratch and fcrape together Wealth.
 Ye feldom brook long Life or perfect Health;
 The Air you breath in to your Lungs affoords,
 Nothing but Smoke and Fumes of Filth and T---s;
 Which frequently your Crazie Corps consumes,
 Either with fudden Death or tedious rheums.

Here one is Choakt with Night Mares in his Dreams,
 There's one of the Sciatica Complains.
 This dies of Iliack Passion or the Collick,
 That Drinks himself quite Dead by way of Frolick,
 And yet my Friend, the Counfel you give me,
 Is that my Dwelling in *Old-Reekie* be;

Near unto *Libberton* or *Fosters-Wynd*,
Old Romanno The old man may live Cosie there you find,
 I will not be so graceless *James* or bold,
 To Stifle, him with Smoak, though he be old.
 Nor will I to Repair my former Losses,
 Consent he break his Limbs in your stay Cloises.
 But near to *Stirling Yards* or *Heriots Work*,
 Where he may freely Breath and let his F---t
 There must he Quartered be G O D's Praise to Sing,
 For his Refreshful Breathings in the Spring.
 And when Stern Fate that Breath shall Countermand,
 The greedy *Gray-frier* we have neer at hand,
 And for to put you Lawyers in a Fright,
 Near this the Gallows stands that humbling Sight.
 Ye call your selves the Court of *Conscience*,
 And to the Fatherless a sure Defence,
 Court without Conscience we may rather call you,
 Repent for fear the Plague of that befall you.
 Devouring Widow's Houses, Orphant Slayers,
 Though faith I think ye do not use long Prayers,

Should

Should I say t'were, it to much Honours you,
 To spoil my Pen on so despis'd a Crew.
 So if you think this Cuff be out of Season,
 Pray *James* return me either Ryme or Reason.
 Or if ye judge your self severely knocked,
 Remember Friend, that I was first Provoked.

POSTSCRIPT.

THAT some Phisitians err and Dissagree,
 Tea Kill their Patients Faith ye do not lie.
 If Doctors should bring all their Patients through,
 Ungrateful Fools; what should become of you.

*Upon the Death of his worthy Friend and
 Neighbour Alexander Baillie Elder of
 Calins.*

FA R E W E L Old *Calins*, Kannie all thy Life,
 By Birth, by Issue, and a Vertuous Wife.
 By Gifts of Mind and Fortune from above,
 The Fruits of *Ceres* and the Country's Love.

Just,

Just, Kind and Honest, to thy Fatal Breath,
 Prudent thy Life and Patient was thy Death,
 Thou left this World with Pleasure more then Pain,
 Alace the Loss was ours, but thine the Gain,
 With true Remorse for thy fraill Youthful Errors,
 Which made the Fearless Face the King of Terrors.
 This Tomb of Paper Praise which I erect,
 May shew thy Worth, and my unfeigned Respect:
 But these fresh Thriving Branches sprung from thee,
 Will live thy lasting Monument to be,
 To whom I recommend my Mournful Verse,
 To be with Funeral Tears, strew'd on thy Hearse.



A Translation out of Guarinis, Paster Fido

O Mirtillo Anima mia, &c.

O Mirtil, best of Sheedherps, if thine Eye,
 Could peirce my Breast, and secret Thoughts Descry
 The Heart you Fancy, there of Flint to find,
 Alas! is of the Softest easiest-kind:
 No more you would complain of Fruitless Love,
 For mine I'm sure, would more your Pity move:
 In both our Breasts an equal Flame doth burn,
 Yet our unhappy Loves we both must Mourn:

*By Nature led, if on the Sin we run,
 And it's a Vertue the Dear Charm to shun.
 O too Imperfect Nature that gainstands,
 That Frets and Champs the Bit of Law's Commands !
 O too too Rigorous Law that does Controul,
 The Secret inbred Motions of the Soul !
 The Savage kind rang'd in the Forrest round,
 Are by no Charter but of Nature bound ;
 The generous Courser with his dappled Mifs,
 Do fear no Dull constraint to stop their Blifs,
 All we can claim their Priviledge is above,
 To know no other Rules of Love but Love.
 But why this idle Reasoning, since it's clear,
 She Loves but little, who to Die does fear :
 Mirtil, Dear Soul, how could I yeeld my Breath,
 For Love of thee, Alas I fear not Death !
 Honour, thou greatest of all Deietys,
 To whom each well Born Soul must Sacrifice,
 My Stock of Love I on thy Altar lay,
 And freely all thy Holy Laws Obey,
 Pardon dear Sheephurd, if no gentle Beam,
 I grant of Favour, but all Icy seem ;
 It's but in Looks and Words, it's only Art,
 To cover the great Feeble of my Heart :
 But if Revenge you wish to ease your Mind,
 In your own Greit a Subject you may find ;*

For if thour't mine by such resistless Flame,
 As scarce the Pow'rs that made can quench the same,
 Your Greif is mine, your Groans the brinny Flood,
 Of Tears you shed, is of my choifest Blood,
 Of Sighs that rend your Breast the Pains I feel,
 More Vive then these caus'd by the keenest Steel.



A Translation out of the same Author,
Care selve beate.

Welcome dear happy Groves, that make me glad, |
 And you still Horrors of a lovely Shade :
 Soft Peace and quiet here in Triumph Reign,
 And banish Care with all it's Anxious Train :
 Oh ! had the Gods allow'd me for my share,
 To live thus Calmly how I list, and where,
 Your gentle Shades such satisfaction yeelds,
 I would not change them for *Elysian Feilds*,
 Tho Crowds of *Demi-Gods* shou'd there Repair,
 And hanging Gardens shou'd adorn the Air.
 For what poor Mortals we do Riches call,
 If rightly understood are none at all,

I

He

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 My Stock of Love I on thy Altar lay,
 And freely all thy Holy Laws Obey,
 Pardon dear Shepherd, if no gentle Beam,
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I

He



An Advice to a Painter to draw my Mistress her Picture.

PAINTER come here, and draw me to my mind,
 The Noblest, Fairest, of the Female kind :
 First I wou'd have her Hair, a Chesnut bright,
 In various Tresses pleasing to the Sight :
 For her Complexion let it not be Fair,
 But something of the Black and Brunet Shair.
Leda was Black, for whom *Jove* from above,
 In shape of Swan, came down to feast his Love.
 Her Fore-head gently rising smooth and even,
 The Mirror of perfection here is seen ;
 Her Eye-brows small, draw with such subtile Art,
 That scarce the like your Pencil can impart.
 Next draw these Orbs, so full of Life, so clear,
 Heaven's brightest Lights with hers but dull appear :
 These Eyes of hers, which first my Ruin wrought,
 Fettered my Sense, and Chained all my Thought.

The

The pointed Rays of which do so combine,
 To burn me up, they'l me to Dust calcine.
 Betwixt these Orbs, her Nose let gently fall,
 Which neither swells too big, nor is too small.
 Next let her Cheeks with lovely Colours shine,
 The Rose doth there with Lillys white Combine.
 Then draw her Ruby Lips, which opened show,
 Of Oriental Pearl the brightest row,
 The Chin, which bounds the Orb of tha t fair Face,
 Draw of a just proportion and true Grace :
 Her Alabaſter Neck ſo round ſo even,
 Where through the Skin the Azur Veins are ſeen ;
 Theſe well ſhap'd Shoulders, and theſe pretty Balls,
 Where Love ſits ſporting as they riſe and fall.
 Her round plump Arms, her long and milk white hand,
 Such Charms of Body no Heart can withſtand.
 Let Drapery round her Waſt and midle go,
 In pleaſant form, which Variouſly doth flow.
 Thy Task is done, her Cloaths the reſt conceal,
 Happy, thrice Happy he to whom ſhe'll that reveal.
 But ſhould I give the Picture of her Mind,
 Where could I Words or fit Expreſſions find.



On a *GLUTTON*.

A Glutton, who had at one Maill,
 Eat a Surgeon to the Head,
 With Surfet did grow very pale,
 And looked like a Man that's dead.
 Then many a Clyster, many a Pill,
 Did this Glutton's Belly fill,
 But nought wou'd do, his Friends in end,
 Told him no Physick could him mend,
 For that his fatal hour was come,
 And this they gave to him for Doom :
 Well Sirs said he, since that must be,
 I fully am resolv'd to Dye :
 But e'er I am of Life bereft,
 Bring here the Surgeons Head I left.

Two Ingenious Gentlemen, Travelling betwixt Monimusk and Fettercairn, fell out of the Road and went a Stray a great part of the Night, at length they fell upon Drum Irwing's House, where they found much Kindness, and all things Commendable, save a great Quech, which they were made to Drink out of. To amend which, one of the Gentlemen, after Departure, sent a lesser one with these Lines.

BRave Sir, of late, it was my Lote to stray,
 Alongst a Defart and Thorny Way,
 Where steepy Rocks against the Heavens did swell,
 And dreadful Gulphs much like the Abyss of Hell.
 Did promise nothing in our Toilsome Path,
 But wandring Error and affrighting Death.
 O ! here like *Ixion* wrestling with his Cloud,
 O'er charg'd with Fear, and Grief amaz'd we stood,
 And like Distracted Pilgrims from their way,
 We knew not where to go, nor what to say.

Till

Till Heavens in Pity of our said Distress,
 T'allay the Anguish of our bitterness,
 Convey'd us to thy Home and made us try,
 Thy gracious strains of Hospitality.
 O then what found we? or what found we not?
 That Majesty and Vertue would allot,
 For though without thy Harbour seem'd but homely,
 Yet all within was Handsome, Neat and Comely,
 Thy Pavments were Clean, Thy Fires were Clear,
 And for a Preface to some better Chear,
 Thou made each Corner of thy House to look,
 Like *Vulgan's* Furnace clean'd with Indian Smock;
 As for our Table I dare say this much,
 That brave *Lucullus* in his Richest touch,
 * *Cleopatra*, Pompey's *Apollo* or * *Ptolemy* his girle,
 Who fed the Consul with Elixar Pearle,
 Could never say in their umpampered strain,
 ' Their Dyet was more sweet more Sovereign.
 Nor were our Cups inferior in their Rank,
 For lo the Joicethat Decks *Corinthus* Bank,
 Ran there in such a Rapid Course and strain,
 That hoary *Nilus* in his proudest Theam,
 Fair *Ganges*, that beholds the Sun new born,
 And *Isther* that laughs *Danub's* Streams to Scorn,
 The *Po*, the *Rhon*, the *Rhein*, the *Thames*, the *Forth*,
 And all the Currents from the South to North,

Might

Might hing their Heads and be asham'd to see;
 So rich a Cluster prest and drunk in thee;
 Yet least thy Nectar and Ambrosia should,
 Complain as if their Current were controul'd,
 O what a Confort and bewitching Air,
 Of well composed Dorick Mirth was there,
 For there came *Cupid* blind of both his Eyes,
 Sole Mareshal of our Festivities,
 Who taking in his hand the Amphisian Harp,
 With Touches somewhat Flat and somewhat sharp,
 Tun'd all his Crotchets, Quivers, Semibrieves,
 His Longs, his Large, his Rounds his Squares by Brieves,
 In such a fort that sure I am the Quire,
 Of Nymphs which in *Appolo's* School appear,
 Could ne'er so sweetly tune the Descant String,
 Amongst their Harps delicious fingering.
 And whilst he thus doth Captivate our Sense,
 With well tun'd Notes of *Diapason* tense.
 Then *Mercury* and *Mars* these roaring Boyes,
 Not Drunk with Wine, but over drunk with Joys,
 Rose up and on their tiptoes danc't a Dance,
 That all the Light-foot Satyres within *France*,
 Could ne'er for all their Documents of Art,
 Have played the like in whole or yet in part.
 And while nothing defective was, that might
 Advance Contentment, or procure Delight,

*Tuskne a blind
 Musician.*

*His two
 Sons.*

Thy Gracious Lady made our Feast compleat,
 By courteous Welcome, did us kindly Treat,
 But O Brave Sir ! Amidst this Sport and Play,
 That look't like *Janus* Face, on New-years-day.
 I saw a fretting Moth, a pricking Thorn,
 Which curb'd the Glory of the glistering Morn,
 For that thou made us drink a larger Cup,
 Than Giddy *Bacchus* when he went to Sup,
 Amidst his drunken Orgeis could contain,
 Uncrack't his Belly or uncraz'd his Brain,
 Tell me brave Sir, what Glory may this be,
 To any Men of Mark or Majestie,
 When that thou thinks with welcome Friend to crown me,
 In stead of Welcome, with a Drink to drown me.
 I grant it's but a light and venial Sin,
 When any Friend or Stranger shall come in ;
 To drink a Cup or two in measure to him,
 Which being drunk in Love, will ne'er undoe him:
 But if thou make thy Friend at every Potion,
 Exhaust a Cup that's deeper than the Ocean.
 I do not think but either he will tire,
 Or quickly he will set his Nose on Fire ;
 Prevent therefore the hazard of this ill,
 And keep not with thee such a Rebel still,

Whose main design and chiefeſt Aim's to Felter,
 Thy beſt Friend's feet, by drinking Helter Skelter.
 I ſend thee here a Sloup of which I'll boaſt,
 That if the Wind prove fair, will ſcour the Coaſt,
 Of *Holland, Zeland, Dunkirk, France* and *Spain*,
 And ſend thee ſure and ſooner word again,
 Than any *Dunkirk* Pyrat ſent to Sea,
 Can Travel to the Wind, or louff to Lee.
 For though her Bullet be not *Dunkirk* ſize,
 Her frequent Charge will make her free her Prize.

POSTSCRIP.

THUS hath my weak and babling Pen been bold,
 To play the Wanton to thee as I could,
 O're whoſe defects and Blemiſhes if thou,
 Will draw the Courtain of thy cheerful Brow.
 I care not for the idle Critick ſtrain,
 Of any Crack't or Caparitious Brain,

No,

No, no, It's to and for thee that those *Lynes*,
 The abortive Infant and the poor *Propines*.
 Of weak my Wit, and naked Skill do come.
 They have more Merit, if you lend them room.

*Nil temere uxori, de servis crede quærenti,
 Sape etenim mulier quem conjunx diligit, odit.*

Believe not rashly, when thy Wife complains,
 Of Servants whom thy Bounty entertains.
 For often times, the Wives hates and Reproves,
 That Servant, whom her Husband chiefly Loves.



A Triumph after Enjoyment.

Out of Ovid.

L*Aurels* the Prize unto a Hero due,
 In this blest hour come deck a Lovers Brow;
 Tho' *Hitherto* I Fate could perverse call,
 This kind return does make a mends for all,

I have gain'd that Beauty which I held so dear,
 The Conquest cost me only some few Tears :
 I have her in my Armes, her kindness now does more,
 Than pay the Pains she gave me heretofore.
 'Twas less Task *Argus* to lull asleep,
 Then to elude the Care with which she's kept,
 Yea such a Troop of Lovers blockt my way,
 I rag'd and storm'd impatient of delay.
 She gave the means, which I strove to improve,
 And in the end she crown'd my constant Love.
 To force a Standard from a yeelding Foe,
 As the reward is great, the glory's so ;
 Yet I do hold that Triumphs greater far,
 Are due to Love than to the Searlet War.
 Love only Art, War Force does often guide,
 And fickle Chance puts Victory on the side:
 I have not beleagred Towns, which being gain'd,
 The Conquests with the Blood of thousands stain'd,
 I bound my wishes Labour with all Art,
 To foil and gain the Ravisher of my Heart:
 When *Agamemnon* had ransacked *Troy*,
 Of the exploit he had no Fruit nor Joy.
 So many Heros in it had a share,
 While he the Name of *Cheif* did only bear,
 I gain alone, in it does none partake.
 Nor crave a half of such a glorious Stake :

Love

No, no, It's to and for thee that those Lynes,
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Love

Love had Casheer'd me, had I beg'd for aid,
 To seem to ask it, I had been afraid :
 I General am, who leads my Army on,
 I Captain am, and Souldier both in one,
 I Ensign bearer, who with all my might,
 Under the Ensigns which I bear do fight.
 It's not to Fortune that I owe my Lot,
 I had been happy, had she pleas'd or not ;
 For such a noble Ardor fires my Blood,
 In vain my just designs Fate had withstood :
 This way of talking seems perhaps to brisk,
 But what will not one for a Mistress risk.
 Love maketh cowards dare to enterprise,
 Things which seem Miracles to Vulgar eyes.
 Never the World had heard such loud Alarms,
 If *Paris* had not known fair *Helens* Charms ;
 The *Trojans* ne'er had gain'd proud *Italy*,
 If *Turnus* had not been content to see.
 Rather his Empire, than his Passion dye
 The *Sabins* ne'er had dared to oppose,
 Themselves to *Rome*, and proved it's greatest Foes,
 If losing what of Life they held most dear,
 To lose what still remain'd they did not fear.
 Lov's a great Sire, inspired with his Heat,
 I saw two Bulls with equal Fury meet,

They

They push'd at other with such eager Strife,
 As when two Rivals fight for Death and Life.
 Sure he's a Fool, who coming to possess,
 What's truly lovely, thinkst no happiness:
 I have attracted, gain'd, and have enjoy'd,
 Till both my Eyes and Appetite are cloyed:
 Of some few Sighs I grant I had the pain,
 A sober Loss, for such a mighty Gain.

In imitation of Anacreon.

I was soft lay'd upon my Bed,
 and deep in Sleep Intranc'd,
 When at my Port there was one knockt,
 So hard it did me wake.
 Open say'd he, and let me in,
 with Cold I'm chil'd to Death,
 For it doth Thunder Haill and Rain,
 Light flasheth from the Sky,

And

And I am naked, oh ! let me in,
or quickly I must dye.

These words with Pity mov'd my Soul,
and rais'd me from my Rest,
In Charity I thought me bound,
to help one so Opprest.

When I did open straight I saw,
a Boy came shivering in,
Stark naked ; in his hand a Bow,
a Quiver on his Thigh,
I askt his name, but straight he say'd,
I must my self first dry.

When I am Warm, and can well speak,
I'll tell you by and by.

When I did light a Fagot up,
he look'd if all was right,
If that his Shafts were fit, and clear,
If that his Bow was tight.

His hands benum'd with Cold, I strokt,
and thaw'd before the Fire.

Tho' he seem'd Beardless, raw and young,
yet Fear did me possess,

When I thought on his Bow, and Shaft
and Quiver by his side ;

What idle Thoughts said I is this,
to fear one that's so Young,

Him

Him I can bind when e'er I please,
 and whip him when I've done.
 What should I say, if *Poliphem*
 were lodged beneath my Roof,
 The Boy then with a lively Air,
 doth take his Bow in hand,
 And down lets fall his yellow hair,
 and shaft fits to the String,
 He straight lets fly the Arrow keen,
 Which peirced me to the Heart,
 Thou'lt got it now said he, and mind,
 Its *Cupid* makes thee smart,
 For that's my Name, Remembert well,
 on *Sylvia* think the fair,
 Take this for all thy Toill and pains,
 and say you have your Hire.
 Ingrate sayes I, does thou thus treat,
 one that's so kind to thee,
 What baser Treatment could thou give,
 to thy worst Enemy.
 Then *Cupid* hoopt about and Skipt,
 said Commerad thou dost know,
 Full well what I am now, and what
 my Arrow is and Bow.



Another Imitation of Anacreon.

PAinter thou who does excel,
 all other in the *Cyprian Isle*,
 Or *Paphos*, for thy dextrous Skill,
 Paint me absent *Iris* now.
 Thou hast not seen her, thou wilt say,
 What then, the better its for thee,
 I'll in few words instruct thee what to do,
 First mix the Lillys and the Rose,
 Loves wanton looks and smiles,
 But why each thing, for thou can well,
 Of *Venus Iris* make,
 And thou can make the Treats so like,
 None shall know the Mistake,
 And of that *Iris* thou again,
 Can make the lovely *Paphian Queen*.



Ex Græco.

VIR Bilix cum quondam oris graveblentia probro.

*Objecta est : rediit flebilis ille domum,
Et querulus casta tacite cum conjuge jurgat,
Turpe oris vitium quod latuisset eum,
Illa cui, fraus nulla mea hæc nam ignara virorum
Credebam cunotos sic oluisse viros.*

Thus Translated.

CHast *Bilias* Husband at a friendly Feast,
Did unawarfe meet with a scornful Jest,

They told him to his teeth, O Man thou hath,
 A comely Wife, but yet a stinking Breath.
 Then all in Tears, to *Bilia* home he goes,
 And Chydes her thus, fye should you not disclose,
 And warn me of that foul Infirmary,
 Which Strangers to my shame cast up to me.
 Dear heart quoth she, that Fault I no ways know,
 Because I never kifs'd a Man but you.
 So if thy Breath was Foul I could not tell,
 Thinking that all Mens Breath had such a smell.



Truth's

*Truth's Travels, in Scots Meeter, and
much in Repute in our Old King James
his time, by Peter Many.*

SOME say within these Hundred Years,
That *Truth* did Travel on the Earth,
But was ill treat as well appears,
albeit he was of Noble Birth.
Few Men or nain would give him Girth,
Then Noble *Truth* was troubled swae,
That he was forc'd to turn with Mirth,
To that Country where he came frae.
For Wealthy Men would naeways ken him,
And his own Servants were but poor,
They neither had to give nor Lend him,
and Taverns held him at the Door.
In time of Preaching he was sure,
To be with Pastors in the Kirk,
Except sik Men as they took Cure,
All others they began to Irk.

Wh

When Kirk was Skaeld and Preaching done,
 And Men and Women baith went haim,
 Nae Man call'd *Truth* to his Disjeun,
 Albeit he was of Noble Fame,
 Their was not one that kept a Craim,
 But they had Bacon, Beef, and Ale,
 Yet no Acquaintance *Truth* could Claim,
 To wish him worth a dish of Kail.
 Except Pastors or Judges sought him,
 I trow his dinner was but cauld,
 For Advocats much Skaith they wrought him,
 He makes their Gowns so bare and Auld.
 And Merchant Men that bought and fauld,
 For sindrie things could not abide him.
 And poor Craftsmen albeit they wald,
 They had no Portion to povide him.
Truth could not get a Dish of Fish,
 For Cooks and Kailwives baith refus'd him,
 Because he plained of their Dish,
 And Poultry Men plainly misus'd him.
 The Baxters Boyes came and abus'd him.
 So *Truth* got Wrang of every one,
 Yea not a Karline but accus'd him,
 That sell'd the Tripes about the Troan:
 A Tapster took *Truth* in her Sellar.
 She gave him Drink and other Cheir,

But all the laive were like to fell her,

Because she let him come so neir.

Quoth they Thief if he Shelter here,

Baith thou and we are clean undone,

We shall not winn the haill lang yeir,

So meikle as will mend our Shoon.

Then *Truth* he travelled ovr the Street,

For lack of Godly Company,

Till with three blades he chanc'd to meet,

who were not of his Quality.

Falset came first, then *Vanity*,

Who brings great Hurt to all Estate,

As they forgathered there all three,

Then afterward comes in *Deceit*.

They spear at *Truth* where will ye Dyne,

Quoth he where I may have good Chear,

Sayes *Falset* I ken Ail and Wine,

Within a House that is right near.

Quoth *Truth* I wad we were not dear,

Because that me must spend to marrow,

Sir quoth *Deceit* take ye no fear,

We shall get Siller for to borrow.

Vanity sayes I will gae look,

If I can get a Chamber clair,

I am acquainted with the Cook,

I trow we shall get honest Fair,

But

Then

Then *Vanity* soon enters their,
 And speirs if they had ready Meit,
 Make halt, see for no Coast ye spare,
 Get us some Delicats to eat.
 With that the other three came thither,
 And saw the Meat was ready drest,
 They merrily sat down together,
 And *Vanity* he serv'd the rest.
 Of Wine and Ail they had the best,
 And other Cheir for honest Men,
 They eat and drank even what they list,
 Till that a quart was com'd and gaen.
Vanity bad the laive be mirrie,
 Fetch yet a quart what ere it coast,
Falset sayes I am like to worrie,
 With that *Deceit* he gave a host.
Vanity sayes bring up the Roft,
 And take away these Broos and Sup,
 And gar some body bring a Toft,
 With Clowes and Cannel in the Cup.
Deceit sayes let the Wife come drink,
 For she is brunt up bain and Lyre,
 She makes no Service here I think,
 Quoth she I think your tongue should tyre,
 I cannot winn ben frae the fire,
 The Roaft will burn, the Eggs will loup,

Take

Take any thing that ye desire,
 Let *Falset* gang and fill the Stoup.
 With that the Buird was neir the drawing,
 And *Falset* brewing was a Cheat.
Truth sayes, Wife come and count the Lawing,
 With that *Falset* fell in a sweat,
 He spitted first, and then spew'd,
 He took a Swarf and fell in Soun.
Deceit and *Vanity* baith knew,
 The cunning of that Crafty Loun,
 They presently take the Alarum,
 And cry alace! our Brother's dead,
Deceit soon caught him in hjs Arm,
 And *Vanity* held up his head.
 Unto the door they run with speed,
 To get him Comfort in the Wind,
 But *Truth* sat still in meikle dreid,
 They left him as a Pawn behind,
Falset ourcame when they came out,
 And ilk an ran a findrie gait,
 But *Truth* sat still in meikle doubt,
 He saw that he must pay the Debt.
 The Brouster Wife wist well I wait,
 The cunning of these Crafty Knaves,
 For they were with her Air and Late,
 She was ay Servant to their Slaves.

M

When

When they were gaen she enters in,
 And cryes where is your Company,
 Quoth *Truth* False Wife will thou begin,
 To ask sik Questions at me.
 They are thy Guests continually ;
 And eat and drink within thy House,
 Quoth she to *Truth* good Faith ye lie,
 I will not trust them with a Soufs,
 Nae Man but ye has brought them hither,
 Therefore in Conscience ye shall pay,
 And Compt when that ye meet together
 Sick things lye not into my way.
 Asure your self that ye shall stay,
 Till that ye pay this Lawing hail,
 Albeit your Cloaths were neir so Gay,
 For I must pay for Bread and Ail,
 Ye came before I fend about you,
 Whither they call you *Truth* or *Jock*,
 I have liv'd all my Days without you,
 I have no neid of Sik a Block ;
 Sir pay or ye shall leive your Clock,
 Before that ye gang to the Door,
 Quoth *Truth*, in Caice I get that Mock,
 I never think to file thy Floor.
 Nae fault quoth she ye are precise,
 And brings our Craft to meikle wrack.

Yea hurts even Men of all Degree,
 That we dare not Miscompt a Plack,
 The narrow Reckoning that ye take,
 Gars all the Tapsters clean abhor you.
 I will not gang behind your back,
 Come never again till we fend for you.
 Then *Truth* extreamly was offendit,
 Because that he must pay the Debt,
 He wist not well what ways to mend it,
 But went out to the Brousters Gait,
 With *Falset* hastily hemet,
 Was standing like a Crafty Loun,
 Then *Truth* did loup to him but lett,
 He claught him and he keust him down,
 And said Sir *Falset* was ye Sick,
 Ye and your graceless Company,
 With that *Truth* took him on the Cheek,
 And lent him Lusty Lounders three.
 Then *Falset* he began to flee,
 And cry'd oh! Sorrow Shame and wrack,
 And in a House soon entered he,
 Where Linning Claith they use to mak,
 He cry'd as if he had been daft,
 And sayes now are our Brethren Clair,
 I am a Neighbour of your Craft,
 And *Truth* has troubled me right fair,

The Webster says take thou nae Care
 But lye down underneath my Loom,
 For *Truth* will neir come seek thee there,
 Though thou bide till the Day of Doom.
 For Mirth the Webster made a Beacon,
 And there the Craft was all conven'd,
 A Boy ran out to fetch the Deacon,
 And *Falset* their he has Complain'd.
 His sad Affront was fairly mean'd,
 As an of their Society,
 He was right Richly entertain'd
 And made with all their Brethren free.
 The Deacon says can thou make Claith,
 Quoth *Falset* in this Country spinning,
 Linning and Woolen if I had Graith,
 And live right well upon my Winning ;
 For Webster Craft was my beginning,
 And be that Art I still abyde,
 I ken your Warping and your winding,
 To hail a Hundred by the Side.
 Then thou may live in caice thou please,
 The Deacon says though thou be scant,
 To winn thy Meat and Steal thy Claiths,
 It is a woeful thing to want.
 Deacon quoth he indeed I grant,
 But ye must give me leave to Steal,

Whither it be from Kin or Aunt,
 We cannot live if we be leil.
 The Deacon sayes I think thee good,
 In Case thou could make merry News,
 Of *Wallace* or of *Robin Hood*,
 Nae Sir quoth he, I can take Clewes,
 Of any sort or any hewes,
 Of Fifteen I can take an ell,
 Whether it be of Blacks or Blews,
 And hyde them ay in little Hell.
 With that the Craft and Deacon took him,
 And made him as their Brother sworn,
 They send out for a Clerk to book him,
 And would not byde until the morn ;
 For *Truth* they held him at the Horn.
 Frae tyme he saw *Falsit* was hyr'd,
 He thought his Travel was forlorn.
 For he had stood till he was tyr'd.
 Then *Truth* he got away right fast,
 And made his Travel to the Troan,
 Where he saw *Vanity* at last,
 Was standing in a part alone.
 He sayes now is thy Brother gone,
 With that *Truth* took him by the Neck,
 And gave him their as some suppose,
 Three Bevels till he gard him beck.

Vani.

Vanity took him to his feet,
 Because he durst not tarry there,
 In haft he gat out ou'r the Street,
 And lightly he lap up the Stair.
 Of Taylors Booths there was a pair,
 And *Vanity* got in among them,
 To give them Comfort for their Care,
 For fear that *Truth* should clean ou'r gang them.
 I am a Brother of your Calling,
 Your Noble Art for to advance,
 I brought the Bodyes haim with Balling,
 As was the present Mode of *France*.
 Even Vardingals when Ladyes dance,
 Begarry'd Tayls with borders three,
 And Skiprigs now come up by chance,
 My Natural Name is *Vanity*.
 But all his Head was full of Clowrs,
Truth did so handle him when he had him,
 He laid upon him full twa hours,
 Weire not Help came, he had outred him,
Truth followed *Vanity* and bled him,
 When he was in they Taylors Chap,
 Then all the Taylors raise and red him,
 And wrapped *Truth* out ou'r the Trap.
 They took the other by the hand,
 And said now welcome *Vanity*,

We are all haill at thy Command,
 Lets see gif *Truth* dare follow the,
 And yet right welcome he should be,
 If he would keep himself but quiet,
 But nothing he may hear or see,
 But still he prattles ow'r like a Pyet,
 Thou shall be Forman to our Lads,
 Of any Wark take thou the Chose,
 Quoth he I must take Clouts and blads,
 For Pickindails for Caps and Hosen.
 So to be short and make a close,
 I'll steal from Petticoat or Gown,
 From Scarlet shanks and shoon with rose,
 That gars poor Husbands leave the Town.
 Nae Man quoth they shall needle draw.
 for pleasure nor for poverty.
 By all that's good we make this Law,
 Except the first be free with thee,
 In Brugh or Land where e'er he be,
 So Taylors took him by the hand,
 And *Vanity* said Sirs we shall gree,
 Fetch in a Clerk and make the Band.
 Then *Truth* durst tarry there nae langer,
 Because he was so oft Disgrac't,
 But went away in meikle anger,
 Till he came till the Cross almaist,

Where

Where soon he saw *Deceit* in haist,
 Within the Body of the Town,
 Into a part where he was plac'd,
 Well girded in a gallant Gown.
 I trow *Truth* gave him their his Straiks,
 For he could not abyde his force.
 Some says indeed he gave him Straiks,
 But doubt that would have Slain a Horse.
 The Craimers all came frae the Corfs,
 Baith Men and Wives they were conven'd,
 And cryes *Truth* has thou no remorse,
 To be so Cruel to our Friend.
 Meilmakers came to *Truth* to hald him,
 Till time their Friend was out of Strait,
 Fishers, and Fleshers they miscall'd him,
 The Stablers start out to the Gait,
 The Candlemakers came and Flait,
 The Potingers were very Crouse,
 Wha gat away then but *Deceit*,
 And brake into a Brockars House.
 Fy help quoth he I am *Deceit*.
 With *Truth* right sair I am pursued,
 I am a Friend to thy Estate,
 And helps thee Dayly gif thou knew'd.
 I wad our Kindness were renew'd,
 And I shall serve thee faithfullie,

The Brokar sayes, faith *Truth* shall rew'd,
 That e'er he had to do with thee.
 We are ay troubled with that *Truth*,
 He flees *Deceit* where e'er he finds him,
 He neither uses Sleep nor Slowth,
 Nor Buds and Brybes can noways blind him,
 There is no Mortal Means can bind him,
 He tryes our Deeds that are most deep,
 And leavs good Conscience behind him,
 That gar's us sigh when we should sleep.
 Brother quoth he, I am a Brokar,
 By that I winn my Living chief,
 I borrow Silver dear for Ocker,
 To them that are in Debt and Grief,
 And so I live for to be brief,
 I win great Wealth and wait ye how,
 Baith he that buys and fells the Beef,
 Must give me Collops of the Cow,
 Sicklike I can go ow'r the Fells,
 Of Merchandize to make abuse.
 I have baith Weights that buys and Sells,
 With common folks when I conduce,
 When that I buy this is my use,
 What I would have I loath and lack,
 And when I sell I will make ruifs,
 of that whilk is not worth a plack.

The Brokar says will thou be fey'd,
 And I shall keep the in thy right,
 Faith quoth *Deceit* it is agreed,
 I shall bide with thee day and night,
 What Subtiltie or any Slight,
 Or *Falset* yet that e're was us'd,
 I shall supply thee to my might,
 At all times when thou art accus'd.
 Quoth he, kens thou the Merchant Booth,
 To fetch me Paper, Wax or Threed?
 Yes quoth *Deceit* even Sir forsooth,
 I can run through them all with speed.
 Quoth he, friend can thou Writ and Read?
 Yes quoth *Deceit*, with findrie hands,
 And counterfit a Band for need,
 To cut true Men from Geir and Lands.
 Quoth he can thou gang to the Bar,
 In Caice I had an Action their?
 Quoth he, I dar not gang so far,
 But I shall gae mid House and mair.
 The Brokar sayes, why will thou spare,
 That thou dare gang no furdur ben.
 Faith quoth *Deceit* I would not care,
 Gif *Truth* were put out frae these Men.
 The Brokar says since it is so,
 That thou has taen thy girth herein,

Care not for *Truth* that is thy Foe,
 For *Conscience* nor all her Kin.
Deceit sayes friend we must begin,
 To winn some Wealth or Warldly Geir.
 The Brokar says, Sir make no dinn,
 Ye shall have Service for a Yeir.
 Frae *Truth* perceiv'd them all releiv'd,
 And he so fairlie Circumveen'd,
 Indeed he Angry was and Griev'd,
 He ran to Judges and Compleen'd.
 The Judges and Council all Conveen'd,
Truth and his Plaint were baith receiv'd;
 At the first view Men would have deem'd,
 He got the Justice which he crav'd.
 He tald how that they had deceiv'd him,
 Ev'n *Falset* and his crafty Band,
 And how the Brouster Wife had crav'd him,
 And how they did escape his hand,
 What Harm they did into the Land,
 And what like Men that had Refet them.
 With that the Justice gave Command,
 That all the Guard should search and get them.
 The Justice choos'd himself Assessors,
 To make him strong in that pretence,
 To punish them and Sik Oppressors,
Prudence first and Experience.

Attentive Ear and *Diligence*,
Authority to stand before him,
 To gar him get *Obedience*,
 That fainting *Fear* should not Devour him.
 After the time that they were met,
 Immediately in little space,
 Be *Policy* they were all set,
 Who had great Knowledge of the Caice;
 The Judge was first put in his place,
 And Wardlie Gain crap in behind him,
 Who durst not come before his Face,
 For fear her Golden glance should blind him.
 They that sought *Falset*, then had found him,
 And said, Sir, ye and an must meit.
 After they gat him then they bound him,
 And brought him headlong up the Street,
Falset began to fleir and Greit :
 But e're the Judges were aware,
 They Haltered him baith Head and Feet,
 And harld him hard into the Barr.
 Then Justice says, where was thou born?
 Quoth *Falset*, Sir, into the Isles,
 And I have been lang time in Lorn,
 And came into the Country whiles,
 Yea, to the South right many Myles,
 And sometimes I dwelt in the Border,

With

With Outlaws and these Stubborn Styles,
 Before your Lordships took good Order.
 Quoth he art thou the Websters Man,
 Or one of that Societie?
 Quoth *Falset*, Sir, but now and than,
 Though I be with their Brethren free.
 For others will not let me be,
 Albeit the Webster have the Glamer,
 There are even richer Men nor he,
 That keep me in their chieftest Chamber.
 The Webster sent me to the Mill,
 Of Corn I trow to grind a peck,
 And there the Miller held me still,
 Till time we censured every Sack.
 Then Shepherds took me by the Neck,
 That I might help to feed their Flocks,
 And some Forstawers in effect,
 Carry'd me North to make their Blocks.
 When I came haim a Maltman met me,
 Who keeped me a Moneth hail,
 When he was gaen, Browsters reset me,
 That I might help to brew their Ail.
 And some Men sends me to Sail,
 To *France*, to *Portingal* or *Spain*,
 Though Websters get the Slander hail,
 Yet other Men has greater Gain.

After

After the Judges had exam'd him,
 For he had granted Kow and Yow;
 For to be Scourg'd soon they condemn'd him,
 The Hangman claught him in a Tow,
 And draive him to the Neather-bow;
 He durst ne'er come again for Aw,
 But lodges in some House or How,
 In *Pleasants* or the *Patterraw*.
 Then they cry'd *Vanity* Compear,
 Why should ye had the Judge so lang?
 The Taylors answered we are here,
 He is so Sick he cannot gang,
 For *Truth* has done him meikle wrang,
 He dang *Deceit* and him like Dogs,
 I trow we shall not have him lang,
 Except some Doctor give him Drog.
 Taylors, quoth *Truth*, ye were ow'r ready,
 To fling me headlong ow'r your Stair,
 The Taylors answered be our Lady,
 Come ye again ye shall have mair,
 For why ye had no errand there,
 To ding our Friend and gar him blood.
Vanity serves us late and air,
Truth does our Craft but little good.
 My Lords we will give in Defences,
 According to our common Law,

And

And charge this *Truth* for great Expence,
 Our Friend has gotten sik ourthraw.
 We know *Truth* has no Writ to shaw,
 Therefore his Action must be ill,
 For he will get no Clerks I knaw,
 Masters nor Men to make his Bill,
 Therefore let *Truth* come pay the Coast,
 For *Vanity's* Expence is dear,
 Since he lay Sick he's fed on Roast,
 Chickens, Broath, and other Cheir,
 Sack, Claret, white-wine and black-beir,
 Or else but doubt he had been dead.
 In Case your Lordship please to speir,
 Here is the Man that haills his Head.
 A Barber says, he is misus'd
 My Lord as every Man may see,
 Baith Back and Breast are fairlie bruis'd,
 And likely for to lose an Eye.
 I gave him Plaisters twa or three,
 I wait not how their Piea began.
Deceit says Surgeon well said ye,
 Ye speak now like an honest Man.
 The Judge says, Taylors now find Caution,
 That *Vanity* shall do no ill,
 But keep him with your Occupation.
 The Taylors says it is our will,

To

To bind our selves within a Bill,
 In Caice your Lordship make it sure,
 If we had Strength to hold him still,
 He should not gang out ow'r our door:
 But *Vanity* he is employ'd,
 In all this Country as ye ken,
 When Gentle-woman are convoy'd,
 He soon Loups out to bear their Train,
 Young Courteours and Gentlemen,
 And Merchants Sons whiles for him strives,
 And then we see him not till ten.
 Whilk time he busks your Burgefs Wives.
 The Justice says, ye cannot purge him,
 For any wiles ye will invent.
 Quoth they, my Lords, in Caice ye scourge him,
 Your Ladys will not be content.
 Quoth he, he shall have Banishment,
 Out of the Country for a while,
 Till time that he grow penitent,
 Either to *Orkney* or *Argyle*.
 The Taylors then took *Vanity*,
 Out of the Judges hand and Thral,
 They hecht him their Fidelitie,
 To place him highest in their Hall.
 And promist he should never fall,
 So long as Taylors are alive.

For all our Sons and Servants shall,
 Be sworn thy Subjects and subscribe.
 The Taylors made a merry Banquet,
 To *Vanity* and his Convoys,
 They fetcht a Quart of Wine and drank it,
 With Bag-pipe Trump and other Joyes.
 Kinnings, Capons and sik Toyes,
 Baith Fish and Flesh was at that Feast,
 Yea not one of the Taylors Boyes,
 But either had a Burd or Beast.
 So *Falset* he was finely Scourg'd,
 Out of the bounds where he had been,
 And *Vanity* was naways purg'd,
 But for the Taylors sake ow'rseen.
 Yet *Conscience* crys sure their is an,
 The only Author of all wrang,
 There is no Size can make him clean,
 If we get right *Deceit* will hang.
 A Clerk then cry'd *Deceit* come in,
 Enter before the Judge, lets see,
 The Brokar says what needs this dinn,
Deceit came in assoon as ye.
 I Counfel you agree with me,
 Press not to put *Deceit* away,
 For if *Deceit* be forc't to flee,
 Faith baith our Callings will decay.

To bind our selves within a Bill,
 In Caice your Lordship make it sure,
 If we had Strength to hold him still,
 He should not gang out ow'r our door:
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 The Taylors made a merry Banquet,
 To *Vanity* and his Convoys,
 They fetcht a Quart of Wine and drank it,
 With Bag-pipe Trump and other Joyes.
 Kinnings, Capons and sik Toyes,
 Baith Fish and Flesh was at that Feast,
 Yea not one of the Taylors Boyes,
 But either had a Burd or Beast.
 So *Falset* he was finely Scourg'd,
 Out of the bounds where he had been,
 And *Vanity* was naways purg'd,
 But for the Taylors sake ow'rseen.
 Yet *Conscience* crys sure their is an,
 The only Author of all wrang,
 There is no Size can make him clean,
 If we get right *Deceit* will hang.
 A Clerk then cry'd *Deceit* come in,
 Enter before the Judge, lets see,
 The Brokar says what needs this dinn,
Deceit came in assoon as ye.
 I Counsel you agree with me,
 Prefs not to put *Deceit* away,
 For if *Deceit* be forc't to flee,
 Faith baith our Callings will decay.

For why *Deceit* makes all Discords,
 In every Country Realm and race,
Deceit makes Noblemen and Lords,
 Oppress the poorer sort alace.
 If *Truth* were planted in all place,
 Wherefore would Men seek Justice here,
 Frae time the Clerk once knew the Caice,
 He was not thence so doons severe.
 But now *Deceit* sits in a nuik,
 With store of his false Friends about,
 Devyseing there some doleful juick,
 To trouble *Truth* and put him out.
 The Procutars bad him be stout,
 Care not for *Conscience* a Leek,
 Faint not my Friend nor flee for doubt,
 Ye shall get Men enough to speak.
 Though *Conscience* cause the Judge to taunt you,
 Fear not but flee out of his Gait.
 Assure your self we cannot want you,
 Ye have sik Moyen since we met,
 In caice the Judge will not permit,
 That you come ben, byde still the Butt,
Truth cannot trap ye in a Net,
 You have sik Wiles and warldly Wit.
 Although the Judge give out Decreit,
 For *Conscience* sake, take ye nae care,

His Action shall have little feet,
 For we can make it soon unclair.
 When *Truth* even trowes there is no mair,
 But that his Action is all ended,
 Yet we can find some Secret Snare,
 In Subtile fort for to Suspend it.
Deceit perceiv'd them then so frank,
 To keep him both from Grief and smart,
 Quoth he we will bind up Contract,
 Because you love me with your heart,
 That I shall make you well expert,
 Yea gar your conqueis buy and Bigg,
 And gain great Riches afterward,
 When *Truth* shall scarcely keep a Rig.
 And to assure you this in plain,
 I shall for well of your Estate,
 Acquaint you with my Sister Gain,
 I am her Brother well I waet.
 I wish the Judges now of late,
 Once knew the sweetness of my Sister,
Truth could not put me in this strait,
 In Caice the Judge and Clerks had kist her.
 She is so pleaseant to behold,
 With garlant Gilt and Silver Lace.
 Her Ornaments are only Gold,
 With Warldlie Wisdom in her Face.

Poor Procutors then cry'd Alace,
 We should be Sworn your Subjects haill,
 If ye would grant us but Grace,
 That we might come and bear her Tayl.
Deceit says for your Poyfond Packs,
 Ye shall get something every day,
 But hunt about like hungry Hawks,
 Who seek long for fillie Prey.
 What poor Men give be taking ay,
 A quart of Ale or a cuple of Groats,
 With tricks first train them on the way,
 Syne leave them lying be the Throats.
 Be that a Maister cryed thrice,
Deceit compear in Judgement place,
 At last *Deceit* was forc't to rise,
 Up, partly with a painted Face.
 There he had fifty of his Race,
 And on his haunch there hang a bag,
 False Buds and Bribes for to embrace,
 As full of Wealth as it might wagg.
Deceit stood like a feignyed Fox,
 The Judge beheld him constantly,
 And said Sirrah a pair of Stocks,
 The're fittest for sik Guests as the.
 How durst thou Dog presume so high,
 With thy Consorts these Rascalls Rud,

For to abuse the Company,
 Of Noble *Truth* that is so good.
 I ken by thee that draught was drawn,
 That honest *Truth* was so abus'd,
 For many a Man thou has ow'r thrawn,
 Wherefore thou shalt be now accus'd.
 The Saints of G O D thou has misus'd,
 With Cruelty and great Envy.
Deceit says Sir hold me excus'd,
 Trust not so far till once ye try.
 The thing is small that we have done,
 To *Truth*, in Caice your Lordship knew,
 It is but for a poor Disjuin,
 That he has Action to pursue.
 As for my part Right fair I rew,
 In any fort that I was there.
 Then *Conscience* crys that is not true,
 There are five hundred Matters mair.
 Thou art a *Traitor* from thy Youth,
 In every point as I shall prove,
 Thou entered in the Serpents Mouth,
 And first deceiv'd our Grand-dame *Eve*.
 Perswading her, her God to grieve,
 Which brought her Person to great pine,
 In Sicklike fort she does *Mischief*,
 Her simple Seed always sinfyne.

Thou cruel crosser of all Reason,
 Mover of Murders and Debates,
 Thou only Actor of all Treason,
 Thou alterer of all Estates.
 Thou bringer up of new Conceits,
 Only to Murder Modesty,
 Thou brought Tobacco through the *Straits*,
 That shameful superfluity.
 A Proctor then raise and spake,
 And said we here his Groundless grieves,
 At least my Lord give us extract,
 Of all his Noyfome Narratives.
 For there are neither Whores nor Thieves,
 Before Tryal should be Condemn'd,
 Therefore let *Truth* give in his grieves,
 To be insert and then Exam'd.
 Another Answered with Correction,
 In caice your Lordship rightly spy,
 His Bill belongs not to this Action,
 If we his Lybel look and try.
 Matters five thousand years past by,
 Should not be wakened now of late,
Ergo it is but auld Envy,
 That *Conscience* has at *Deceit*.
 For why Tobacco makes no trouble,
 In any part as may appear,

Except it gar Men bleir and buble,

And Merchants whiles winn meikle Geir.

Yea sometimes it will make a Steir,

Gar Swaggerers Swear and fill the Stoup.

Quoth *Conscience* since it came here,

It has gard findrie Lairdships loup.

But sure it is if *Truth* were heard,

Deceit would be put in a Jyel,

The Clerk says *Truth* is not debarr'd,

Ye see *Deceit* stands at denial.

This Cause must byde a longer Tryal,

Till time the Judges be more quiet,

With that *Deceit* cast in a Ryot,

Which sav'd him till the second Dyet.

Then *Conscience* cryes here we Appeal,

This Action clean out of thy sight,

To him that knows both Falshe and Leil,

Who shall destroy thee and thy might.

I shall torment thee Day and Night,

And make thy Sinful Corps to quake,

When *Truth* shall bring thy Works to light,

Lyke *Belshazar* thy bains shall shake.

Frae time he heard that Appellation,

He thought these Summonds were so odd,

He found a privie perturbation,

Even fainting for the aw's of God.

His

His Soul was prest with such a load,
 That all his Senses clean were smoor'd,
 His wandring Wits so rang'd abroad,
 Like *Dinah* when she was Deflowr'd.
 The Justice stood so Stupef'd,
 So pierc'd he was with double Pain,
 Whiles he resolves for *Truth* indeed,
 Then looking back to Warldlie Gain.
 Quoth *Truth* there is but an in plain,
 Doubtless there is but an of two,
 Come forward or turn back again,
 Follow thou her or let us go.
 With that the Judge was so amaz'd,
 That he concluded in his Thought,
 However the World rul'd or gaz'd,
 To bring that Rogue *Deceit* to nought.
 So gave Command he should be brought,
 Be Officers and Men of Force,
 For wicked Works that he had wrought,
 And hanged high up at the Corfs.
 Then Warldlie-Gain cast of her Masking,
 Falling before the Judges Knees,
 And cry'd my Lord grant me an asking,
 The Judge beheld her golden Eyes.
 And said Madam ask what you please,
 Quoth she, my Brother is in strait,

Then

Then all the Agents swarm'd like Bees,
 And gat Remission for *Deceit*.
 And yet the Judge was so offendit,
 Because of Promise he had made,
 He said what ways ye will defend it,
 I will not break the word I said,
 For fear the Slander spread abraid,
 That I as *Pilot* take such Shame,
Deceit shall hang now by the head,
 Or else be forc'd to cange his Name.
 Se that ye call him *Warldlie-Wit*,
 And let him noways enter ben.
 But byde with Procutors the but,
 And so he shall be spared then.
 Were not request of *Warldlie-gain*,
 He should have died without delay,
 Quoth she though I bring help to Men,
 He is the *Hawk* that hunts the *Pray*,
 Then *Conscience* comes in again,
 And says my Lord how gangs the Cause,
 A Clerk reply'd ye speak in vain,
 Not but according to the Laws.
Deceit and *Warldlie-gain* baith shaws,
 They have the right end of the String,
 Quoth *Conscience* J E H O V A H knows.
 Thou speaks a Leising in that thing,

Ambition Captain of the Guard,
 With Consent of the Judges haill,
 Soon clpped *Conscience* into Ward.

Then Noble *Trnth* could not prevail,
Deceit did guide the *Tobuith* haill,
 Both Poor and Rich at his Command,
 Frae *Conscience* was in that Baill,

Then Noble *Truth* soon left the Land.
 But *Conscience* weared not to cry,

Within the Lodge where that she lay.
 Some of the Clergie then came by,
 And thought she was so noysome ay,
 Who ar't thou that crys their quoth they ?

Quoth she I am good *Conscience*,
 If it be thou, sure we will stay,
 To be thy Fathers and Defence.

Quoth they, who is thy contra-part ?
 Quoth *Consciencee* even Foes enough,

A Kirk-man said tell me my Heart,
 Who is the greatest Foe to you,

Deceit and *Vanity* Pursue,
 Me as their Mortal Enemy,
 And now *Deceit* by Moyer now,
 Hath cast me in Captivity.

Conscience quoth they have ye na mair,
 That does procure your present Pain,

Quoth

Quoth she *Deceit* with fashions fair,
 And his dear Sister *Warldlie-gain*,
 Quoth they we tell you this in plain,
 We ken that *Truth* is in Exyle,
 Be ye at Feid with *Warldlie-gain*,
 We let you lye in *Ward* a while,
 At deep *Deceit* we have Despite,
 Were not Sweet-Gain his Sister dear,
 Indeed your Party is too great,
 Which gars you lye in Prison here,
 We wave this Matter, and retire,
 For help of our Posterity,
 And pass furth from this Process clear,
 Except that ye and Gain agree.



*On the Death of that Pious and Powerful
Pastor, Mr. George Meldrum one of the
Ministers of Edinburgh, and Professor
of Theologiæ in the University there.*

BLISS'd *Meldrum's* gone, the Churches radiant Light,
On Earth he shin'd, shin's now in *Heaven* more bright.
He's by that G O D whom he so dearly lov'd,
To endless Bliss, and *Heavenly* Joys remov'd.
A gloomie Cloud o're *Scotland's* Church is spread,
Now her good Guide, the holy *Meldrum's* dead.
Great Man of G O D thour't gone, And we lament,
That now the Churches radiant Tapers spent.
No more shall Sinners listen to thy Tongue,
Our Harps are now upon the Willows hung,
O how his Lips with charming words did move,
While opening up the Misteries of Love.
His Heart was seen, and Heaven shon in his Face,
When Lecturing on the Covenant of Grace.
To good for Earth, he's fled to Sants above,
And there drinks in, eternal Draughts of Love,

*Cura fuit recte vivere cura mori,
Et tamen hoc nihil est preter amare deum.*



*A Gentleman's Answer to his Rival's
Challenge.*

RIVAL,

L I K E Friends let's lay aside all Jarrs,
Cupids the God of Love not God of Wars,
 Let's not by Fighting offer to decide her,
 Rather than Quarrel let us both divide her.
 All that's above the Belt that shall be thine,
 All that's below the Belt that must be mine,
 And if I chance to kiss the part that's thine,
 Ye shall have leave to do the same to mine.

*Qui te videt est beatus,
 Beatior qui te Audit,
 Qui te baseat se-mi deus est,
 Qui te potitur est Deus,*

O Happy! O thrice Happy! sure is he,
 Whose eyes are bless'd in seeing Divine thee

Yet

Yet happier he, who mongst thy Lovers throng,
 And listens to the Musick of thy Song,
 Durst he Approach, thy Balmy lips to kiss,
 He'd be half God by the exalted bliss,
 But did he once thy Divine self possess,
 He would Enjoy the Gods their happiness.



Inscription for my Bea-house.

O Blush ye lazie Mortals when ye see,
 The Care and Conduct of th' Industrious Bee,
 In Summers heat it treasurs up great Store,
 To feast with Plenty till Cold-Winter's o're,
 Loaden with Honey suck'd from July's Flowrs,
 Hoards up Provision in its Waxen Bows,
 And there in frugal Government doth dwell,
 For Idle Drons dare not approach the Cell,
 When the returning Spring invites to Fields,
 To Crop the sweets that Mother Nature yeilds,
 The careful Insect thro' the Field does scour,
 To scrap together for a needy hour.

Then

Then Toil O Man in Youth! Age will come on,
 Decriped Age will ask what Youth hath done,
 Or if old Age thou never live to see,
 Provide for Death, and long Eternity.



*A Paraphrase upon the last six Verses of
 the 4th Chapter of the Canticles, or Song
 of Songs.*

V. 11. My Spouse,

FROM thy sweet lips, that hungry Souls doth fill,
 Perpetual drops of Honey doth Distill.

And Canaans Blessings glide beneath thy Tongue,
 Ev'n Milk and Honey to refresh thy young.

Thy perfum'd Garments drooping Souls revives,
 And smells breaths furth such smells as *Leb'non* gives.

When gentle *Zephers* Fan the new blown leaves.

V. 12. As boldest hands can never reach a Cup,
 From Fountains that are Seall'd, or Springs shut up.

Just so with my fair Spouse,

No Straglers with her Streams Comforted be,

A Spring shut up, a Fountain Seal'd is she,

But all her Currents flow to Saints and me.

}

V. 13.

V. 13. & 14. Thy blooming Plants a fruitful Soil declare,
 They thrive with vigor in a wholesome Air. }
 My Grace convey'd by thee makes, all thy Plants look fair. }
 There like an Orchard thicketted with Trees,
 Where various kinds salute the enamored eyes,
 There *Camphire*, *Pomgranates*, and *Aloes* grow,
Saffron, *Mirr*, *Calamus* and *Spikenards* flow,
 There *Incense* Trees, and chiefest Spices bloom,
 Which send with Quickning Gales send furth a rich Perfum.
 V. 15. Thy Orchards Plants all others far excell,
 Your Orchards watered with Salvations Well.
 Thy Gardens full of Fountains never drie,
 Which thy fair Plants with vital Strength supplie.
 Thro' it a Well of living Waters go, (o'r flow
 (That springs from *Leb'nous* Stream's) & doth th' Banks
 V. 16, Awake, O North wind! O thou South wind blow!
 Cool Gales upon my Spices and they'l flow.
 I'll see my Beloved in his Garden meet,
 There we'll solace our selves, and pleasant fruits we'll eat.

Inscription for my Closet.

ARE not the Ravens fed great G O D by thee,
 And wilt thou cloath the Lilies and not me.
 I'll neer distrust my G O D for Cloaths nor Bread,
 Whil'st Lillies flourish and the Ravens fed.

Upon

*Upon the generally lamented Death of that
worthy Gentleman William Dowglass
Elder of Dornock, who departed this
Life the day of July 1715.*

Pan and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep.

A H! Shepherds break your Pipes, rise and give ear,
The doleful Cry of *Dornock's* Death comes here;
Awake and weep; turn careless of your Flocks,
And yell, till Echoing, you do rent the Rocks.
Annan, Milk, Moffat, no more gently glide,
But in Hoarse rapid Floods your Streams divide.
The Musick of our Birds is at a close,
And every Murmuring Brook weeps furth its woes.
Our Comforts gone, and we must feel the Cross,
And still bewail this Universal loss.
Even *Lachesis* herself her Eyes did shut,
When Cruel *Atropos* the threed did cut.

Q

With

V. 13. & 14. Thy blooming Plants a fruitful Soil declare,
 They thrive with vigor in a wholesome Air. }
 My Grace convey'd by the makes, all thy Plants look fair. }
 There like an Orchard thicketted with Trees,
 Where various kinds salute the enamored eyes,
 There *Camphire*, *Pomgranates*, and *Aloes* grow,
Safron, *Mirr*, *Calamus* and *Spiknards* flow,
 There *Incense* Trees, and chiefest Spices bloom,
 Which fand with Quickning Gales send furth a rich Perfum.
 V. 15. Thy Orchyards Plants all others far excell,
 Your Orchyards wattered with Salvations Well.
 Thy Gardens full of Fountains never drie,
 Which thy fair Plants with vital Strength supplie.
 Thro' it a Well of living Waters go, (o'r flow.
 (That springs from *Leb'nons* Streem's) & doth th' Banks
 V. 16, Awake, O North wind! O thou South wind blow!
 Cool Gales upon my Spices and they'l flow.
 I'lle my Beloved in his Garden meet,
 There we'll solace our selves, and pleasant fruits we'll eat.

Inscription for my Closet.

ARE not the Ravens fed great G O D by thee,
 And wilt thou cloath the Lilies and not me.
 I'll near distrust my G O D for Cloaths nor Bread,
 Whil'st Lillies flourish and the Ravens fed.

Upon

*Upon the generally lamented Death of that
worthy Gentleman William Dowglafs
Elder of Dornock, who departed this
Life the day of July 1715.*

Pan and Paftora, to the Shepherds afleep.

AH! Shepherds break your Pipes, rife and give ear,
The doleful Cry of *Dornock's* Death comes here;
Awake and weep; turn carelefs of your Flocks,
And yell, till Echoeing, you do rent the Rocks.
Annan, Milk, Moffat, no more gently glide,
But in Hoarce rapid Floods your Streams divide.
The Mufick of our Birds is at a clofe,
And every Murmuring Brook weeps furth its woes.
Our Comforts gone, and we muft feel the Crofs,
And ftill bewail this Univerfal lofs.
Even *Lachefis* herfelf her Eyes did fhut,
When Cruel *Atropos* the threed did cut.

Q

With

With trembling hand and almost dropt the Knyfe,
 Wherewith she cut that worthy threed of Life.
 Which put a Period to his Earthly Race,
 And sent his Pious Soul into its place.
 Noble he was by Birth, brave like his Name,
Dowglass of *Dornock* of still living Fame.
 Now silent lyes and in his Tomb doth sleep,
 Where all the Country round their Sorrows weep.
 The Poor, the Rich, the Young, the Old and all,
 Were ready still at generous *Dornock's* Call.
 To do him Service both by day and Night,
 He was so much their Darling and Delight.
 His Presence goodly was, of comely feature,
 Adorn'd with all the Charms of Art and Nature.
Ceres and *Bachus*, were at his Command,
 And still poor *Lazarus* found his Liberal hand.
 The Country Pleas he understood full well,
 And all their Pleas did wisely reconcile.
 The Just *Lycurgus* of his Native Shire,
 Feared not Death, nor did he Death desire,
 A Conscience pure was his continual Feast,
 Justice and Honour both lodg'd in his Breast,
 Grace and Good-Manners to a high degree,
 Did always flourish in his Family.

And

And all confess who generous *Dornock* knew,
 The Praise I give noways exceeds his due :
 O if the Heavenly Powers had thought it fit,
 To give him *Nestors* Years to match his Witt.

*Pallida mors aquo pede pulsat,
 Pauperum tabernas, regumque tures.*

Pale Death alike to her Subjection brings,
 The Poor Man's Cottage, and the Courts of Kings.



The *Lintoun* Cabal, or the Jovial Smith
 of *Lintoun's* Invitation of his Club to
 their Mornings Draught, whom he
 had made Drunk the Night before,
 after a great Storm.

FLy fearful Thoughts of Funeral,
 Call here *James Dowglafs* of the Hall,
 And all the rest of that Cabal,
 Let's rant and Merry be.

We'il fet a Table in the Smiddy,
 And Drink till all our Heads grow giddy,
 If it should coast our Necks the Woody,
 Eye haft Lafs, run let's see.

But hark I think no shame to tell it,
 Be sure you first fetch *Gibbie Elliot*,
 Tell him we trysted at a Sallet,
 And he must say the Grace.

I swear by *Omnia vincit amor*,
 And by my Bellows and Forehammer,
 My Tongue for Thirst begins to stammer,
 When e'er I see his Face.

He turn'd Religious in his Fever,
 For better thriving late than never,
 Yet swears it scorched so his Liver,
 Before to drouth inclin'd;

That though this Night he Drink the Sea,
 The Morn he'll e'en as drouthy be,
 Nor speak a word of Sense can he,
 Till first his Skin be lyn'd.

Bring Haggis-headed *William Younger*,
 And *James* that little Brandy Monger,
 Laird *Giffard* looks like cauld and hunger,
 He may come warm his Soals.

Their

Their Entertainment shall be good,
 God grant they part but dirt or blood,
 Pay but their Drink we'll trust their Food,
 Cause *Scrogs* provide us Coals.

But stay there comes my dainty Lads,
 By an and an like Whores and bawds,
 They smell the Ale and need no gauds,
 To post or prick them hither.

Now welcome by my faith good Fellows,
 I see you haist like nimble Swallows,
 Lord keep your Craigs lang frae the Gallows,
 That we may Drink together.

But tell me Sirs how this can be,
 The Storm made all our Sheep to Die,
 And yet spar'd such a Company,
 Come let us then be Fröllick.

Laird *Giffard* crys fy fetch my Mother,
 Or my dear Sister, chuse you whither,
 And master *Robert* bring him hither,
 For I have ta'en the Collick.

I'm like to vomit gutt and gall,
 Good Lord have Mercy on my Saul,
 My giddy head will make me fall,
 In faith I am no Jester.

Will Younger Pray and Gibby Preach,
Cause send for Wise John Brown the Leech,
He can blaw Wind into my Breech,
And give mine Arse a Clister.



**A Ladies Character of her Lover, in
 Answer to her Mothers Question,
 what was her opinion of him.**

A Thing below Contempt whom all despise,
 With crooked Nose, splay Feet and gogle Eyes;
 There's not a Maid when that he doth appear,
 But turns her back and straight grows chaste for fear.
 Half witty and half dull, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest, which is very much a Knave:
 Made up of all these halves, he cannot pass
 For any thing intirely but an Ass.





A Gentleman's Answer to his Friend,
who asked him if he still Loved his
Mistress who was turn'd Debauch'd.

Sure noughts so false, so faithless I can name
As Popular applause and common Fame;
It calls the Courteous Knave, the plain Man rude,
Haughty the Grave, and the familiar Lewd.
Poor helpless Woman is not favoured more,
A Hypocrite she is, or else a Whore :
Such is the fate of my adored She,
Fall'n under the reproach of Infamy.
Yet still I'll Love her, at her Feet I'll bow,
Though all that's spoke infallibly were true :
For ah she hath a most prevailing art,
And doth with such resistless Charms impart,
Even pleasant wishes to the chastest Heart.
Raises such Tempests, kindleth such a Fire,
Betwixt resolved vertue and desire,
That the cold Hermit might in these expire.

To



To my Friend, inviting him to the Country.

SIR, fly the Smoak and Clamour of the Town,
 Breath Country air, and see the Farms cut down,
 Revel our Natures sweets, and dyne upon the chief,
 Praising the granter of the plenteous Sheaf.
 Free from all care, we'll range through various Fields,
 Study these plants which Mother Nature yeilds.
 On *Lynes* meandring brooks sometimes we'll Fish,
 The Trouts, a brave but no expensive dish.
 When Limbs are wearied, and our Sport is done.
 We'll trudge to *Cantswalls* by the setting Sun;
 And then some hours we'll quaff a cup of Ale,
 And smoak our Pype, back'd with a wanton Tale.
 We'll read no Courant, which the News home brings,
 For what have we todo with Wars or Kings.
 We'll ne'r disturb our Heads with State affairs,
 But talk of Plough, and Sheep, and Country Fairs.

Church-

Churchmens contentions we abhorre to hear,
 They'r not for Conscience but for worldly Gear.
 We'll fear our G O D, wish well to King and Nation,
 Worship on Sabbath with the Congregation,
 Thus live in Peace and dye in Reputation. }



Dedicatio Georgij Buchanani.

*Ad Mariam illustrissimam Scotorum Reginam,
 Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasis Pœtica.*

Nympha Caledoniæ, quæ nunc feliciter Ora;
 Miffa per innumeros Sceptra tueris avos
 Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, Virtutibus annos:
 Sexum animis, Morum Nobilitate genus.
 Accipe, sed facilis, cultu donata Latino
 Carmina, fatidici Nobile regis opus
 Illa quidem Cyrba procul est & Parnasside Lympha
 Pene sub Arctoi sydere nata poli

R

Non

*Non tamen ausus eram, male natum exponere fatum
 Ne mihi displiceant quæ placuere tibi
 Nam quod ab ingenio Domini sperare nequibant
 Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.*

Thus Translated.

FAir Nymph of *Scotland* happily who Reigns,
 And sways the Scepter of our numerous Kings.
 Whose rare endowments to the World shine furth,
 Beyond thy Sex, thy years and Princely Birth.
 In *Latin* Verse, a Paraphrase I bring
 Of *David's* Psalms, the sweet Prophetick King.
 Which were not hatch'd at Learn'd *Parnassus* Well,
 But near the Pole where nipping Frosts do dwell.
 Nor durst I thus expose th' abortive birth,
 Not pleasing me, your Pleasure sets it furth.
 And what it wants of Ornamental flowers
 Shall owe to that great genius of yours.

A



A Sparks Perswasive Letter to his *Mistress*, denying Him to ly with her.

HAte me dear Soul and say no more you love
 If I must only know, what is above
 To kiss your lips and hands these be but Toyes
 And Torments to a Lover and not Joyes
 I hate the wanton Folly of a kiss
 If not a Prologue, to a furdur Bliss
 Men do seek Mynes in Women, and if so
 You must give leave to them, to dig below
 The barren Face of Earth, since Natur's Arts
 Hath hid such Treasures, in the lower Parts
 Why you so coy? You'd fain be married,
 Before that ye would lose, your Maidenhead
 Then may I claim it, as my Right and due
 The Law doth give it me, it is not you
 If you would have your Kindness to me shown
 Bestow it freely, while it is your own.

Against *Passionate Love*.

NO Man Lov's fiery Passion can approve
 As either yeilding Profit or Promotion
 I like a calm and lukewarm Zeal in Love
 Although I do not like it in Devotion
 Besides, Man needs not love, unless he please
 No Destiny can force his Disposition,
 How then can any dye of that Desease
 Whereof Himself may turn his own Phisitian
 Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd
 And after falling into Love may dye
 But I dare pawn my Life, he ne'er had dy'd
 Had he been healthy at the heart as I
 Some others rather than incurr the Slander
 Of False Apostats, will true Martyrs prove
 But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*
 I'll neither hang nor drown my self for Love
 Yet I have been a Lover by Report
 And I have dy'd for Love as others do
 But prais'd be *Jove* it was in such a Sort
 That I reviv'd within ane Hour or two
 Thus have I lov'd thus have I liv'd till now
 And know no Reason to repent me yet
 And he that any otherways would doe
 His Courage is no better than his Witt.

Ane Letter by Way of Challenge to
a Knight who shot at the Authors doves
and killed them upon the Dovecoat head
being now plenished.

Sir *John*, thou Scandal to the Name of Knight
Here I appeal the if thou dare to fight
And do but either draw thy Sword or Pen
I'll doe my best to let your Worship ken
Thou did a base absurd and Scurvy Deed
To shoot my Doves upon my Dovecoat head
And call to Mind, for all thy Power and Pelf
Thou medled with a Man as good's thy Self
Sir *John* whatever Character thou bears
Had I been there thou durst not for thy Ears
Let every Villain on our just Laws trample
When Sheriff Deputs prove so bad Example.
Fye Man change trades, turn herd among the geese
And no more Sheriff *John*, Just *Ass* of Peace.

The

The Authors Prayer in his Sickness, and under the ap- prehensions of Death.

Lord Jesus Christ, pass by my youthful errors,
And Arm my Soul to meet the King of Terrors.
Take but away the sting, and I shall have
No fears of Death, no horrors of the grave.
Lord I appeal, as thy most humble Child,
From thy strict Justice to thy Mercy mild.
O thou that wilt not break the bruised Reed
Grant Help and Comfort now in Time of need
Glory to Father, Son and Holy Ghost
I'll still Sing here and with the Heavenly Host.

The

The Marriage of *Belphegor*, A Translation out of *Matchiavel*.

ONE Day *Satan* Monarch of Hell, did make a general review of all his Subjects, where, were convened, Persons of very different Conditions; Princes, Kings, and the common People shed many a Tear, gave many a hideous cry; So that *Satan* himself was astonished thereat, he demanded at every Soul as they pass'd by in Muster, what had thrown them into Eternal Flames: One said, Alas! It's my Husband. The other Answered, Alas! It's my Wife. This Discourse was so often repeated, that *Satan* told in plain Parliament: That if that Discourse was true, It's easy for us to augment our Glory, and the number of our Subjects; We have therefore no more adoe, but to know the certainty thereof, for which end we must send some Devil full of Cunning and Prudence, who not content with all the Marriages, of which he shall be Witness, shall join thereto his proper experience: The Prince having told his Opinion, the Black Assembly, all with one Voice assented thereto. *Belphegor* was thought the most fit for that Affair amongst all the Assembly, This Devil was all Eyes and Ears, sharp sighted, penetrating and bold, capable

able to make a full Discovery to defray the Charge of this Enterprize, *Satan* gave him many a Letter of Credit, all upon sight, and in different places, which he might touch at pleasure by himself or his Correspondent : And moreover all the Passions, and Incidents of Humane Nature, as Pleasures and Pain Good and Evil were to be Annexed to his Embassy, and in case of strait, and difficulty he might extricate himself by his Wit and Industry, but was not to dye, or see his Country, until he had staid Ten Years on this side of the Glob, for so long was his Embassy to continue : Behold there in a moment *Belphegor* doth traverse that space which is betwixt this Earth and the Shades below, and our Ambassador did establish himself at *Florence* a Town then of Luxury and Expence, but proper for Trade, there under the name of *Signior Roderick*, he Lodged Splendidly, Equipt himself as a Rich Man with a Noble and Gallant Train, encroaching always on the Sum which was to last Ten Years : This high way of Living was the speech and wonder of every one, either for Pleasure or Magnificence, one of the Pleasures, or to which he spent most was *Prince Appollo* the Master of Flattery did assist him ; The *Devil* all his Life never had so many Honours payed him, his heart was the Mark at which Love did shoot his Arrows ; There was no famous Beauty in that place, but employed her Charms to captivate him, there was none so cruel or severe, but where Rich Presents will make plain the way ; This is a fit expedient in all designs, and is the *Primum Mobile*, on which every thing in this Universe doth depend : Our Ambassador had two Journals, One of all the happy and contented Marriages in that place, which were so few, that the *Devil* himself thought shame of it : The other Journal of unhappy

happy and discontented Marriages was immediatly full: *Belphegor* next, had nought to do, but to try the thing himself, Then was a certain Lady at *Florence*, whose Name was *Madam Honesta*, who was handsom and well shap'd, but had no other Treasure, was of good Birth, but Proud, Saucy, and Disdainful. Dr. *Rhoderick* proposeth the Marriage to the Father, who after some formal Storys, as that his Daughter was too young, and had a great many Suiters, told he was willing, providing it suited with her Inclination; Then does our Envoy expose in ample form, his Magnificence, bestow liberal Presents on his Mistress, bribe her Servants, and drains himself in Treats, Festivals, Serenades and Balls; In end, the Notar is brought, the Contract Signed, and the Marriage Solemniz'd, then does *Madam Honesta* cut it out with her fine gilded Coach, fine Liveries, and what not, she was the only Talk and Envy of the Town: but the continuation of this seeming happiness was but short, for presently Quarrels and Debates arose betwixt the new Married Couple, sometimes for too Extravagant a Suit of Ribbons or Laces, at other times for too splend a Collation, or too sumptuous a Supper, in a word, not a Day, nor an Hour of the Day passed without some Debate or strife, so that Neighbours were called in often to part them, and as she had been formerly the Envy, now she became the Jest of the Town, what says she, should such a pitiful pedling Fellow Married one of my Rank and Quality? Some of a lower degree would have been a fitter Match for him; thinks he, to degrade me below the Condition and Quality of my Friends, No, he shall go rather to the Pot, things went on at this rate, till *Roderick's* Stock was quite wasted, so he behoved to borrow Money to keep up his Credit, which, when falling

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due

due, they fled *Roderick* therefore, and not being able to pay, they sent Catchpoles to apprehend him, who having closly pursued him, he fled to a *Peasants* House named *Matheo*, who rescued him from the fury and clos pursuit of these Harpyes, to recompence him, was not in his Power, for Silver and Gold had he none, but says he, *Matheo* I have one Means left me which will do, viz. I will enter into the body of two or three considerable Persons of Note, but I am not to exceed that number, and when you come and whisper in the Persons Ear so possessed, and tells me your Name then I will leave it, by which many of you will get a great dale, both of Reputation and Money; The first attack then *Belphegor* made was upon a Beautiful Young Lady of *Naples*, who was an Heirefs of a great Fortune, at the first word of *Matheo*, he quit his Quarters, and the *Peasant* was well rewarded for his Pains. From *Naples* he went to *Rome* and Conjured the *Devil* out of another considerable Lady, and then out of a Third, for both which he received a considerable Sum. The King of *Naples* had then a young Daughter, the glory of her Sex, the hope of his Family, many a brave Prince made Courtship to her. *Belphegor* to be free of *Honestia* entered this Princess as an Asyle and Sanctuary, and no Exorcisms cou'd drive him from that Lovely hold; At last the Bruit of the Famous *Matheo* the *Peasant* the Conjuror reached the King's Ears, he is immediately sent for, and 100000 Crowns promised of Reward, to cast the *Devil* out of his Daughter, the *Peasant* would gladly have had that great Sum, but knowing the Paction, betwixt him and *Belphegor*, he durst not undertake for it, so he told the King that he was a poor Sinner, who had no Power of Conjuring, but by chance, and that the *Devil* which possessed his Daughter was of another nature then these

these he had formerly cast out, they were cheap, silly and easy *Devils*, but this was of a stubborn and obstinate nature, and all his Art signified nothing to drive him away: In vain do you refuse, says the King, for to dispossess my Daughter, you must, or you must string, in a word *Signior Matheo*, there is on the one hand 100000 Crowns, if you do your Business, and if not, there is an Halter and an Executioner ready to knit you up. What shall poor *Matheo* do in this? For there was a Theater Erected, the King and Princess in Person, a great many Spectators of all Ranks and Degrees, the Gallows on the one side, and the Money on the other, *Matheo* had twice whispered in the Princess her Ear, but all in vain, *Belphegor* was obstinate, and Laughed within himself to see what would become of the Conjuror, this put our Conjuror in a deep Sweet, who now had only one Shift left him, which was this, he quietly steps aside, and bids the Drums beat briskly, What's the matter says *Belphegor* to *Matheo*, that these Drums beat, the Matter says he, *Madam Honesta* is making her Entry to *Naples*, Seeking you through every part, as having Right by the Conjugal Tye betwixt you; Immediatly *Belphegor* Decamped, and gladly went to the Infernal Lake, below which he thought a much more desirable place, and less irksome, than the Company of such a shrew as *Honestia*, there he gave an account of his Embassy, which was heard with awful silence, and he was Nobly Rewarded, and got the Thanks of the House.

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